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THE BORORÓ INDIANS OF MATTO GROSSO, BRAZIL

By W. A. COOK

14 In November, 1900, while in Goyaz, Brazil, the writer received a communication from the Smithsonian Institution, through Doctor Orville A. Derby, of São Paulo, requesting photographs and descriptions of the aboriginal tribes of Matto Grosso and a collection of objects made and used by them.[1] I here give some account of the journey to Matto Grosso and of the manners and customs of the Bororó tribe.

Senhor Antonio Candido de Carvalho, a Brazilian explorer of large experience and influence and thoroughly acquainted with the region to be traversed, had arrived at Goyaz with his light traveling caravan, and the evening before the communication from Mr. W. H. Holmes of the Smithsonian Institution was received, had invited me to accompany him on a visit to the villages of the Bororó Indians scattered over that extensive region of Matto Grosso between the capital of Goyaz and Cuyabá, the capital of the State of Matto Grosso. I did not hesitate to accept the invitation, for with Senhor Antonio as a companion and guide, whose influence over many of the Bororó tribe was great, I would be at much advantage in doing the work desired.

As Senhor Antonio Candido had his equipment, I needed only to buy a mule to carry my baggage and a horse to ride upon, a tent, raincoat, riding boots, and some bright colored cloth, knives, beads, fishhooks, mirrors, handkerchiefs, etc., to trade with the Indians.

We left the city of Goyaz, nearly 700 miles from the Atlantic coast, on November 17, and, following the divide between the great river systems to the north and south, traversed between nine hundred and a thousand miles before reaching the city of Cuyabá, in Matto Grosso.

We rode nearly 600 miles before we began to meet with the Bororó Indians. The last 60 or 70 miles was through an exceedingly wild and almost unknown region of forest and dense bush that made traveling almost like pushing through a network of barbed-wire sieves, where we were constantly raked and torn, and were drenched by the daily thunderstorms.

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[1] The photographs, implements, and other objects gathered by Mr. Cook among the Bororó Indians are in the U. S. National Museum.—EDITOR.

On January 9, 1901, we reached the Rio Ponte de Pedra, about 45 114
miles north of its junction with the Rio São Lourenço, where the
latter bends nearly westward. Senhor Antonio had recently thrown
up here a simple palm-branch, stake-walled ranch, near an important
village of the Bororó tribe on friendly terms. The place is called
Ta-Dare-Mano Paro, "potato bank," or "place where tubers grow."

As soon as our arrival became known our ranch, scarcely more 114
than an open shed, began to fill rapidly with our painted friends of 123
all ages and sizes and of both sexes, who came to observe us and to
see the marvelous things we had brought from our enchanted world.
They pour in upon us regularly at the break of day and stay faithfully
till the shadows of night begin to deepen; and though coming
and going constantly, we always have our full complement. If
we open one of our pack-mule trunks, our visitors are on the alert
to handle whatever may strike their fancy. If we eat, every mouthful
of food is closely scrutinized, and whatever we may do is observed
with the closest attention. They recline on our boxes,
sprawl on our tables, lean against the posts, squat on the ground,
and hunch down around our pot as it boils, always leaving a patch
of paint wherever they sit or lean. Some smoke, others lazily pick [276]
and eat the kernels from a roasted ear of corn, others nibble the [262]
white cheese-like heart of a diminutive palm that furnishes a considerable
part of their food; the boys devour bits of fish roasted
black, or shoot at a stick or a stump with their crude bows and arrows.
Just outside the door men gossip, vacantly gazing, but never
once toward the one they address, or they ask us a few questions in
the limited language that we know in common. The women and
children usually form an outer fringe to this group. Whenever [685]
there is prospect of obtaining beef our congregation is at once
largely increased. They never steal anything that is distinctively
ours, though they will take anything we have bought of them if
they have an opportunity.

The long, straight, coarse black hair of both males and females 302
hangs in a tangled mass about their shoulders, except above the [142]
forehead, where it is kept chopped off to form bangs. Nearly all
the single young plaster these bangs with a sort of red putty made
from the small yellowish-red fruit of the burity palm and fish oil,
and the same paste is used to paint the entire body. Boys and girls 302
who are esteemed by their parents also have the foretop arranged 593
in this way, and a few of the latter who are regarded with special
favor have it plaited with a layer of beautiful red feathers. Again,
young men, as well as boys and girls, who are liked by their parents

7:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1907

SP8 Bororo SP8

[facing p.50]

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BORORO HOUSE, BRAZIL

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INTERIOR OF BORORO HOUSE, BRAZIL

302 have their shoulders gummed and plaited with white feathers,
593 somewhat resembling a shirt-vest. Other young men wear feather
armlets. One woman was covered with white feathers from head
to foot, with a brilliant plume in her hair. All young men and
304 boys wear suspended from a hole in the lip, bored during infancy,
a kind of chain called nogodau, about six inches long, made of flat
oval-shaped bits of shell, terminating in a red feather. The older
men have a plug in this hole, for if left open it causes difficulty in
291 drinking. The young males wear around their loins a girdle over
881 an inch wide woven from long tongue-like palm leaves. All males
who have reached the age of puberty are obliged to wear a shield
called bá. A large crescent is worn on the breast, suspended from
the neck. A charm, worn on the breast and greatly prized, is made
of rows of monkey teeth bound to bamboo rods sometimes eight or
more inches long. They are loath to part with this, having received
it as a present, and for other reasons. The huge horn claws
of the tatou canastro (*Priodontes gigas*) are also worn on the breast
and are much esteemed. Coils of square plaited cord hang around
the neck, and 10 or 15 yards of hair cord, made of the hair torn out
of or cut from the heads of mourners during funeral ceremonies, are
worn by men wound around the head. Beyond the ornaments
above described the males dress or bedeck themselves only on
special occasions.

292 Females above six to nine years of age also wear a sort of corset,
made of the inner bark of a tree, especially tanned and prepared,
562 and which encircles the body twice or nearly so. It is much like
a bottomless cheese-box or bushel measure, and evidently at first
causes much discomfort. Another strip of bark about six inches
wide and four feet long, so prepared that it is almost like cloth,
passes between the legs from front to back. With this gear, a
female is considered properly dressed. When she becomes old, she
often discards the corset and uses the soft bark instead.

[177] When a handkerchief or a small piece of cloth was obtained from
us, the men tied it around the head or waist, with the points in
front and the fly falling behind. The females and boys would hang
it shawl-like over the shoulders or around the waist.

361 There were thirty huts in the village that encircled in a very
irregular way, facing in every direction, a very large hut that stood
346 in the center and was called baehytu. Bae (by) is the name of the
ordinary family hut. This baehytu is the bachelors' hall, the
headquarters of all the unmarried men, the workshop where the
men make weapons and ornaments and instruments, the dining-

room, the town hall where most public functions occur, and the 361
club where visitors are received and entertained. The baehytu of
the Ta-Dare-Mano Paro village is about 50 by 30 feet and 18 or 20 346
feet in height. The ridge-pole rests on three tall posts, and shorter 341
posts support the principals. To the rafters and to the wall posts 346
are tied a few bamboo poles, and upon these are bound, rather
sparingly, long palm branches with tongue-like leaves to keep out
most of the rain, the wind, and sun. It is entered through an
opening at each end, like a hole in a haystack, and within is always
damp, gloomy, and foul smelling. The family huts, built of the
same material, are mostly like a roof resting on the ground and
strongly resemble an old haystack with a hole eaten in each end,
though occasionally the hut is raised a little and woven palm-branch
tongues form a basket-like wall. Deep gloom reigns within these
huts. They are made dark that they may be free from flies, and
are dens of rubbish and filth. Stuck into the roof are bows and 411
bundles of arrows, war clubs, fishing gear, and instruments and 482
ornaments not in use at the moment. The occupants of this human 353
lair are sprawled on a palm-leaf rug, with a log of wood four inches 352
in diameter for a pillow, and sleeping, or gnawing an ear of corn, 515
a bit of fish or vegetable, or sitting tailor fashion, making beads,
arrows, or other objects, or kneeling by the little fire preparing food.
When the filth becomes unbearable or disease is prevalent, they do 356
not trouble to clean house, but simply abandon and burn the old
and build a new one on a clean spot. Usually the entire village
moves to a new place some distance away.

Two families nearly always occupy one hut, and sometimes three 592
or four, or even five. Each family has its camp-fire, which, however, 354
is very small, since the gathering of firewood costs the women
much labor. Just over the fire and about two feet above the ground
is a small wooden rack where fish and meat and vegetables are roasted
or baked. About five feet above the fire is a second and quite large 251
rack, the family pantry, where perishable food is preserved by the
smoke of the fire below. Each family or individual has its mattress 352
or rug of long woven palm leaves, and each one a pillow made by
binding a small roll of green banana stalks or a length of wood three
or four inches thick.

A day or so after our arrival a child of seven or eight years belonging 764
to one of the leading families died. This gave us an opportunity
to witness a strange ceremony.

A loud, deep, prolonged hee-aw, ho-o, ah-ah, was bellowed by [534]
a quartette of naked, painted, and feathered savages, squatting

7:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1907

SP8 Bororo SP8

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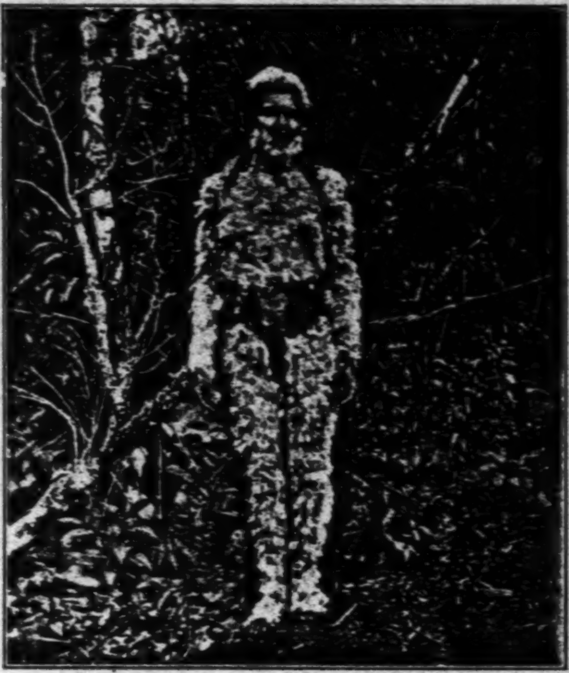

BORORO WOMAN ADORNED WITH FEATHERS

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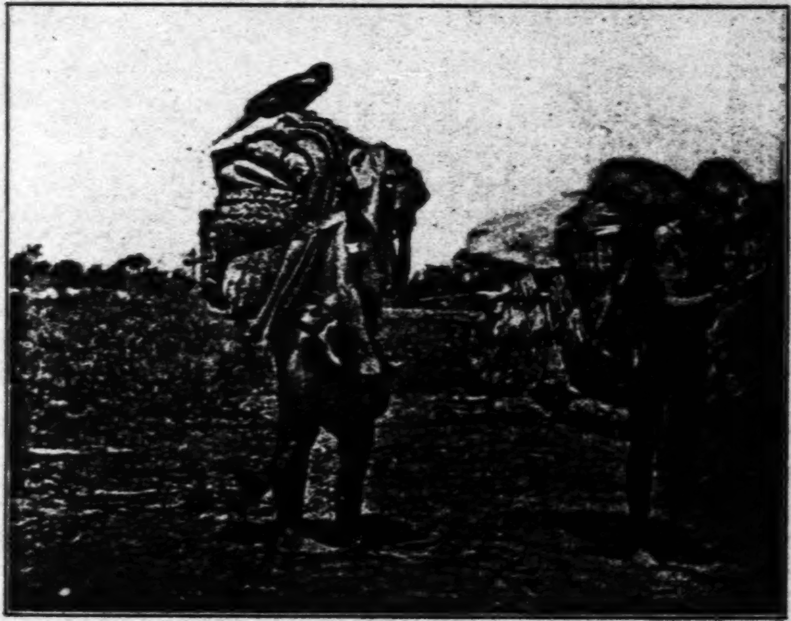

BORORO METHOD OF CARRYING WITH HEAD STRAP

764 (534] slightly in unison with each note, and shaking huge calabash rattles. This was accompanied by the wailing chant of a chorus of women standing just behind the quartette and waving fans to keep away the flies. The snort of two huge flutes, the barking of the calabash trumpets, the lament of the savage mother, her body besmeared with her own blood, kneeling by the corpse of her child, the hairs jerked from her head, half a dozen at a time, by a female crouched behind her, the lamentations of the father, with his hair clipped, as he kneeled on the other side of the body and recited the virtues of the deceased loved one, and the low mournful chant of female relatives or friends as they slashed their legs and arms, or even their entire bodies, with sharpened shells—this was the drama that unfolded itself one beautiful summer morning as we crept into the baehytu of the Ta-Dare-Mano Paro village. The little daughter of a chief had been summoned from her earthly bae to wander with the bope (evil spirits), and the funeral ceremonies were in progress.

When a Bororó dies, his body is wrapped in the palm-leaf rug which has served as his bed and is carried to the baehytu, where the spectacle described above makes night and day hideous until the first sunset after death; then as the sun goes down the chorus becomes hushed, and the bundle of remains, with a nine-foot pole passing through the roll, is carried to the public play-ground just outside the baehytu, and about ten inches of earth heaped over it. 766 Here it rests a week that the flesh may separate from the bones, and each evening at sunset the sorrowing family and friends gather around the little mound, their faces toward the fading light, and murmur a low chant, pleading the virtues of the departed one. Every evening, also, water is thrown on the little mound to hasten decay. The day before the remains are to be resurrected is again a gala time. A bamboo whistle brilliantly decorated with feathers is blown at intervals to summon the bope, while within the baehytu the man who invites the bope to resurrect the body is decorated and fêted. He wears a skirt of palm leaves hanging loosely from a belt, over his shoulders a cloak of the same material descending below the waist, and over his head is a veil of slender palm leaves to prevent his recognition, and his name must not be spoken. On his head, to represent the setting sun, is a pariko, an ornament of brilliant feathers of the makaw and parrot. Thus arrayed, he dances up and down sideways like a crab, while a companion and a rear guard execute similar movements. After a time, accompanied by all the males, they leave the baehytu for the play-ground just beyond the village, all dancing as they go. Here the soul-representative and his body guard, exhausted, sit on the ground to rest, and a substitute, or rather those who are to represent them, his brother tribesmen, proceed to call the bope by offering some tobacco or other delicacy. Soon one offers himself as a bope-representative by dropping on all fours and creeping slowly toward the caller, emitting a noise like the grunt of the tapir; and finally, springing to his feet, he rushes with outspread arms to the center and quietly stands on a spot prepared for him. Others repeat the performance, until five are in line in the center. They are smeared from head to foot, hair and all, with a coat of clay. Black streaks are painted around the eyes and other decorations added, and the five bope again drop on all fours, and the caller (still acting as adjutant for the decorated soul-representative, standing in the path to the village) beckons and calls as before. At the same time the remaining band seeks to drive the bope to the village by pushing them with instruments used to frighten evil spirits, jumping, screaming, and swinging their arms. But the bope advance slowly, constantly making their squeaky grunt. Just as they enter the village path a man suddenly springs up before them, frightens them with a yell, and they wheel and begin creeping away from the village. The drivers then become more frantic than ever to prevent the escape of the bope without resurrecting the body. Finally the bope again head toward the village, enter the path, suddenly spring to their feet, mount their "horses," fellow red men, gallop into the village, dismount, squat around the burial mound, and claw the earth with their fingers. But this is only a feint of what is to happen later, and the body still lies covered, while the bope retire, having finished their part in the drama for the present. A large fire has now been kindled, and in order that the spirit of the departed may not return to haunt the family his belongings are passed piece by piece to the adjutant, who hands them to his master, who throws them in the fire while they both dance and waltz around it. This done, the soul-representative and his adjutant sit astride the grave, and having called the father of the deceased, who crouches beside them, he fortifies him against evil spirits by passing a hand over his head and face, whispering and blowing in his mouth and ears, after which he deposits all his paraphernalia, except the pariko, upon the grave. The day's performance concluded, all the males sit in two groups just outside the baehytu, and the daily feast is served by the females.

Early next morning the bope-representatives resurrect the remains by means of the pole, carry them to the river, scrape and wash the bones and pack them in a basket, keeping the skull separate when

766 they wish to decorate it. They say that the resurrectionists are not called by men, but directly by the bope, and no one is supposed to know who they are.

When the village awakes to find the bones already prepared, the din is again unchained, the mother and female friends again slash themselves from head to foot, wail, and daub their bodies with black paste made principally from a fruit called genipa-pa, while two men sit on a palm-leaf rug and decorate the skull with a layer of bright red makaw feathers. This weird drama continues all day with little interruption, the players and singers relieving one another from time to time. And if some of their brethren from a neighboring village should visit them, the bakororo, as this noise is called, may continue all night and all the next day. Finally the concert ceases, and at sunset the basket of bones is laid away in the little cemetery outside the village, where the bope will take possession of them in due season, though only the priest is supposed to know when. Through constant howling during the bakororo, the family of the deceased become so hoarse that they cannot speak above a whisper, but the drinking of clay water, they say, relieves them.

775 As the Bororó is "very bad," they say, he is doomed forever to
755 wander and suffer in the lower regions and be subject to constant eviction. He takes up his abode in the bodies of certain fish and mammals, and when the creature dies the spirit must seek a new dwelling and be exorcised from the bodies of fish, fowl, or beast by the priest before the meat can be eaten. To eat it without this ceremony would cause sickness and death. Not every creature, nor even every member of certain species, is inhabited by a bope. Its presence is indicated only by certain markings or other peculiarities. In exorcising the bope the priest faces and calls upon the sun with loud yells, ecstatic jumping and trembling, slapping the fish, spitting and blowing into its mouth. Corn also must be exorcised, as they say they were once made desperately sick by eating it without this ceremony. Only the priests are exalted to an abode with the sun at death; they are not chosen by men, but by the bope. It comes
755 about somewhat in this manner: Some day a Bororó may be taken with a fit, and a priest of the tribe will be called to determine the disease and to say whether he will live or die. After consideration he may say to those present, "Piadudu [humming-bird] is in deadly combat with a bope. If he surrenders to the bope he will become a priest, but if he continues to resist he will die." If Piadudu recovers, it is considered that he has given himself up to the bope, and is therefore qualified for the priesthood. But the certificate of

priesthood seems to lie largely in the ability to throw themselves at 755 will into a savage ecstacy.

When a Bororó is ill, a priest is called to determine whether he will recover or die. On entering the hut and looking at his sick tribesman and concluding that he will probably die or should die, he will count his fingers, and each time he touches one finger will repeat, "Meri, meri, meri, meri, meri, bi," meaning that the sick man will see five suns, five days, and die, or he may say, "Nadua, nadua, nadua," etc., "bi," meaning sleep, sleep, etc., five days, and die. If at the end of this time he still lives, the executioner, sent of course by the priest, will suddenly appear in the hut, sit astride his stomach, and strangle him to death, for the reputation of the priest must be maintained. The priests are probably responsible for not a few deaths. They are the bane of life in the tribe. They must nurture the delusion that they can communicate with and have influence in the other world and power to avert or cause evils and calamities. They are therefore on the alert to take advantage of any propitious occasion to prey upon the superstitious fears of their fellow-tribesmen. They are freely supplied with food by their tribesmen in order to retain their good will.

The Bororó seem to have no idea of God as the Christian under- 776 stands Him. They consider the sun as the fountain head of majesty and power and even of beneficence, and as the abode of the great priests who have passed to the spirit world and fear him. Bope means spirit or disembodied soul, but they seem to have no idea of a good spirit. The bope, who are evil spirits, must therefore not be offended though they must be driven away. To drive the spirits 755 off, they use a bull-roarer, a peculiar instrument made of a slab of 778 wood about half an inch thick, shaped something like a fish, and of varying size, hung by a long cord from the end of a stick like a fishing rod, and swung round and round through the air. As it swings and rapidly revolves, it sends forth loud sounds to a surprising distance, pitched from a sepulchral moan to an unearthly shriek, the wail rising and descending the scale according to the rapidity of the swing or the size of the instrument. To hear several of these roarers at once certainly produces most unusual sensations, particularly when operated, as we heard them, during a tropical storm amid the play of the lightning, the crash and roar of thunder, the falling floods, and dismal gloom. No female is allowed to see this instrument under pain of death. New ones are made as occasion demands, and they are burned immediately after their need has passed. We entered the baehytu as some of these roarers were 778
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778 being made for the funeral prelude. There was deep silence, and
123 the word bope was whispered low and mysteriously. Certain warning calls are given some hours in advance of the time for bringing the roarers into use, and, hearing these warnings, the females enter their huts, close the openings, and hide their heads. The roarers are manipulated outside the village up and down through the bush. We had difficulty in securing examples of these instruments. They were brought to us at night securely wrapped and amid the greatest secrecy, every precaution being taken to make sure that we would keep them where there would be no possibility of a female seeing them. We also had much difficulty in obtaining the base flute which is played only over the bones of their dead. A captain said to me, "That is a very bad instrument; you must not take it. If you do you will never return."

481 The Bororó are expert swimmers and are fishermen of the highest
226 order. One mode of fishing is to swim out into the river, three or four miles above the village, with a net called buke, like a great bag, its mouth secured to two parallel rods nine to twelve feet long, bound together at their ends. When one or more fish are seen, the mouth of the sack is opened by springing the rods apart, and with wonderful dexterity the fish are bagged and the mouth of the net quickly closed by allowing the rods to spring together. The fisherman then plays the game, especially if it be large; gradually rolls the net over the rods till the fish cannot move, brings it to the surface and kills it with a club, which he trails by a cord from his neck. The fish is now taken from the net, strung on a cord, and floated along with the club. Sometimes two or more fish of twelve or fifteen pounds will be taken at one catch, or maybe one weighing as much as the man himself will be bagged in this way. A Bororó will remain in the water an hour or two continuously, and return ashore with six or eight large fish. They have learned to turn their bodily strength to the greatest account while in the water.

226 Another method of fishing is with a bone harpoon, to which is secured a long cord and a short detachable bamboo staff. With this the fisherman enters the water, and, finding a large fish in the shadow of a rock, following it with great expertness if it moves, he plunges the harpoon into it even at a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, while the staff detaches itself and remains in his hand with the end of the cord secured to it. The fisherman now returns to shore and plays the fish until he lands it.

Another method, when fish are scarce, is for one gang of men to enter the water with their sack nets, three or four miles above the

226 village, form a chain across the stream and make a great commotion and drive the fish downstream to a point near the village where another gang with sack nets awaits to bag the game. Sometimes they fish at dead of night, but as a rule they rarely leave the village after dark except in war.

524 Late one cloudy afternoon we had the pleasure of seeing the Bororó play Mano, the name of the small banana-like plant used in this game. It seems to be a close imitation of some of the performances of ants. Indeed, the imitating of nature occupies a large part of the *Bororó life. Early in the day they went up the river and cut many* of these plants, which grow three or four feet high, floated them down on rude bamboo rafts, carried them to a point about 600 yards from the village, and placed them in two piles, one for each of the two parties into which every village is divided—the Xeráede and the Ta Nagarêde. Each group prepared its material by cutting off the tops of the mano, leaving a spongy stem about eighteen inches long, and when all was ready each made its pile into a huge wheel. This was done by two men for each wheel standing face to face, about five and a half feet apart, with two long, strong, parallel cords between them, reaching from the ground up over their shoulders, for binding the material into a wheel. The mano was then piled in between each pair of Indians acting as posts, and when the weight pressed too heavily upon them, they were supported by other Indians leaning against them, back to back. When the mano was all in place the cords were drawn over the top and tightened. The wheels were next laid flat on the ground and a string of men pulled with all their strength on each of the four ends of the cord for each wheel, while others pounded the spongy mass so close that it could not burst. Each wheel was again set upright to be seized and hurried off in the mad race for the village. But the Bororó must do things decently and in order, so a Ta Nagarêda man, with much ceremony steps quickly over to the Xeráede, takes a man by the wrist, trots him around his wheel and stops in front of it, meaning by this that his wheel is delivered to its party, and the same ceremony is repeated by the other side. Each man who has now been presented to his wheel and his wheel to him, politely introduces others of his own party just as he himself was introduced, until all surround their own wheels. At a given signal each group seizes its wheel, throws it up on its shoulders, and runs pell mell in a race to the village. Each squad of these human ants tries to keep its wheel upright as it sags this way and that, or finally rolls over on the carriers, to be quickly straightened up, and rushed along again, each crowd endeavoring to

524 keep the lead. As they entered the village one wheel burst through
the side of a hut. Finally both parties threw down their wheels in
the public square at nearly the same moment, greeted by the ap-
plause of the whole village. They now all retired to partake of their
[352] evening feast and left the wheels to be torn apart by the women and
children for use as pillows. A feast always ends the game, each
224 party eating separately.

226 When about to go on a fishing trip, especially when fish are
533 scarce, or on a hunting expedition, they sing the bakaroro, which
seems to be a hymn in praise of the beast or fish that is to be
hunted the next day. It is sung within the baehytu after night-
fall and several times a week when food is scarce. The good
qualities of the animal are named, and how well it will be treated
and the use that will be made of it when taken. In this anthem,
the man again exhibits his imitative qualities by attempting to
reproduce the animal sounds which he has been most accustomed to
hear. Frogs and toads are especially favored. While visiting the
Kogy ao Paro village, about twenty miles away, we spent a night in
the baehytu, and listened to the bakaroro at close quarters. The
din, the darkness broken only by the red light of the fire that
cooked our beef, the stagnant air, the noise of this squad of human
beings reproducing the sound of everything that dwells thereabouts,
made one imagine that he had passed from the earthly to the un-
[532] earthly. After the bakaroro, the singers went outside the baehytu,
and having cleared away the black earth, brought ashes and made
animals in relief on the ground, especially the tapir which they were
to hunt next day. This is also a tribute of honor to the animals.
They also sing the bakaroro in honor of a visitor. As they had
seen men hunting on horses and admired this method, they formed
a horse in relief with a man mounted on it.

462 It is always the man (mèdo, from meri, the sun) who does the light work, while the woman (arèda, from are, the moon) is the beast of burden. She it is who must provide food for the family. Her lord may go fishing or hunting, and if he brings home something, well and good, but if not, he expects to find food on returning to his hut.

582 There appears to be no regular marriage ceremony among them.
583 The girl is betrothed before reaching the age of eight or ten, and
married at from ten to fourteen or even younger. She becomes
betrothed by her would-be husband presenting to her parents a
specially fine fish, or some animal whose flesh is much esteemed,
he of course having made known in some way what he wishes in re-

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turn for such a present. When he would take his betrothed to himself 583
he makes a second similar present to her parents and they deliver
her to him in his hut. Parents try to betroth their daughters
while still young. We saw no large families, the largest number
of children any one mother had being three. Extremely early
marriage and the fact that the wife is driven to the baehytu whenever
she displeases her lord may be reasons for small families.
They hold their wives in utter subjection through fear of the bope
and of the baehytu. A few of the leading men have two wifes, an [595]
old one, and perhaps also a girl wife. Only men who have killed
the spotted tiger, or performed some other feat of valor, may take
a second wife. Children are not born in the village. The prospective 844
mother hides herself in the bush until the child is born,
and then returns to the village or is led back by female friends
who go in search of her. It is common for children, especially 862
girls, to nurse until they are six or eight years old, so large
indeed that they can stand on the ground and nurse while the
mother also stands. Younger children will climb up the mother's
leg to reach her breast. They nurse at any time, the mother paying
scarcely any attention to the child, who does absolutely as it pleases.
The Xeráede and the Ta Naragêda in each village eats, fishes, hunts,
works, and plays by itself. A man of the Xeráede cannot marry 582
a woman of his own party, but must select one from the Ta
Naragêda, and vice versa. The Bororó have a tradition that the 173
Xeráede once possessed all things that the Bráede, civilized men,
now possess, such as knives, axes, blankets, etc., but as these
things brought calamity, they were obliged to abandon them.
There is evidence that these Indians are made up of what was
once two distinct tribes. The Xeráede tradition might indicate
that the Bororó may have come in touch with the civilization of the
Andean slope in ancient times.

The men are usually faithful to their wives—that is, they do not 586
abandon them, especially where they have children, though at rare
intervals one will become dissatisfied with his areda, drive her
from the hut, and he himself take up his abode elsewhere. Fights 578
between two married men are not uncommon through one intriguing
with the other's wife. The conflict begins when the outraged husband
berates the guilty one in shouts so loud that the whole village
can hear, and the latter in turn at the other end of the village returns
the compliment with interest. As they warm in their anger they
emerge from their huts and finally get together, while all the men,
women, and children of the village form a ring around them to

578 enjoy the sport. The fighters tumble, kick, and bite, and scratch
with the poisonous spur or spine from the tail of a fish similar to
the skate secured to their little fingers. Their endurance is marvelous
and the fight may continue many hours, sometimes nearly
all day, both parties constantly uttering their yells. The defeated
party leaves the village, and the woman becomes the victor's prize.

241 The Bororó, like most other savage men, look to nature to furnish
412 them with nearly all their food. About the only thing they
cultivate is a little yellow corn, and even this with great difficulty,
for they have no steel instruments. They are communistic, and
therefore little inclined to attempt anything extensive in the way of
agriculture or to provide a stock of food, for if one family should do
this, it would only be to divide the harvest with the rest of the community
and leave themselves with nothing for the morrow. There
is thus no incentive for labor except when hunger drives them in
433 search of food. The Bororó is therefore acquainted with about
everything edible in his environment, and he knows when and
226 where and how to obtain it. The river is by far his most important
source of supply, and when fish are abundant in December, January,
222 and February he grows fat. The rest of the year he is obliged to
look largely to the woods for food, though he is a more expert
fisherman than hunter, and individual families wander abroad
through bush and forest along the rivers. As to fruit and vegetables,
the palm is his never failing friend. It will always provide
him with something when naught else can be found. At every
season of the year he may obtain the white cheese-like heart of a
diminutive palm. The fibrous trunk of two or three other varieties,
pounded and wrung out, gives a starchy, liquid-like milk which,
when boiled in a clay pot and mixed with the yellow fruit of the
burity, makes good soup; or he may dry the starch and make it
into bread. Another palm, called burity by the Brazilians, yields a
yellow fruit bigger than a very large plum, which he eats with a
relish, though we considered it very insipid. Still another species
furnishes an unfailing supply of nuts about the size of a goose egg.
This he throws into the fire for a few minutes, then removes the
thin outer shell, and scrapes off and eats a thin insipid substance
very much like the inner bark of the slippery elm. He then splits
open the remainder of the thick shell and obtains a white woody
kernel, which he eats raw or pounds in a wooden mortar and makes
into a loaf to be wrapped in a large leaf and baked into bread in the
[283] ashes. This is considered quite a delicacy. The palm also furnishes
material for his bows and for the shafts of his arrows. The

long tongue-like leaf furnishes a silk or band of strands called 222
bokigo, which he rolls into a single strand as he sits cross-legged on [283]
the ground, and by twisting this strand with others he obtains cording
with which to make his fishing nets, harpoon lines, etc. From
the ground he digs two or three varieties of the potato family, which
he boils. Corn is eaten as roasting ears or cut from the ears and
boiled. They use no salt. The large ant bear is considered the 224
most valuable of all creatures. Nearly every part of its body is
utilized. When discovered it is driven to the village for slaughter
in order to secure its blood. After this comes the tapir, which is
also greatly esteemed. When food is plenty they eat nearly all the 264
time when awake, and even rise several times in the night to take a
little food. While we were in the baehytu at the Kogy ao Paro
village we saw 33 men devour upwards of 25 gallons of boiled
shelled corn within an hour and a half, and they had been nibbling
roast ears all the morning. The two men who had accompanied us
from the Ja-Dare-Mano Paro were induced to eat from every pot as
they were brought in one at a time. They seem never to get full,
and will eat as long as there is anything to be had. While at work
making bows and arrows and ornaments, they are nibbling food, if
they can obtain it. They eat the corn mush squatting and standing
around the pot, using large oyster-like shells or broad leaves as
spoons.

Their language seems quite free from clicks and from deep gutturals. 194
The names given to animals are often in imitation of the
sound produced by the animal. Ki, for instance, means tapir, and
is a close imitation of the note of this animal; pobu means river or
water; pobu camahina is great river; meri rutu, sunset; adugo,
spotted tiger or ounce; and aigo, brown ounce. Báekimo is the
negative; Boe by báekimo means "Indian die not"—"I will not
die."

They are wonderful whistlers and seem able thus to communicate 198
whatever they otherwise would by speech.

All the fine and ornamental work is done by the men. A great 462
deal of time and labor is spent in making seemingly unimportant
articles, and the time consumed in shaping and burnishing an arrow
is astonishing, generally the larger part of two days. The shell [321]
ornament worn around the neck is made by the reciprocating motion
of the point of a sharp instrument of flint or of iron or steel, if they [322]
can obtain it, fastened near the center of a roughly shaped shell.
A fire is kindled in the same way by boring a wooden rod into
another bit of wood. When holes have been made in bits of roughly 000

When holes have been made in bits of roughly
321 shaped shells they are strung tightly together on a cord or rod, and
322 a bit of grinding stone is rubbed up and down their edges till they are of equal size. A wide belt is made by placing two bamboo rods in the ground two feet or more apart and winding around them the thread that is to serve as warp, placing each thread close beside the preceding one. The woof is then worked with the fingers and a wooden blade.

222
283 Wild cotton is pulled out and rolled into thread by hand just as the fiber of the palm is made into cord.

411 Bows and arrows are used in war, but they prefer to fight at close quarters with a club of heavy wood, shaped nearly like a baseball bat, about 3½ feet long. A smaller club is also used as club or sword.

852 The ceremony of naming baby boys is very interesting. Early in the morning the family and friends, with the little one coated and ornamented with feathers of crimson and white, accompanied by a priest, take up a position on the highest ground near the village. At
[304] sunrise, the priest pierces the lower lip of the embryo warrior with a long, sharp, bone-pointed instrument made for the occasion and decorated with many-colored feathers. At the same time he pronounces "Piadudu" or the name of some bird, animal, or object whose name the child is to bear. "Piadudu," softly repeat the family and friends, and thus "Piadudu," humming-bird, a favorite name, be-
551 comes the name of the child. They are very jealous of their names and will not make them known to any one not belonging to their tribe, always when asked responding "parduko"—I do not know.
562 A woman is totally disfranchised and can scarcely consider herself a citizen. She is merely an adjunct to the man.

515 These savages, although so filthy in their habits, are sometimes quite sensitive to noxious odors, and we were sometimes much amused to see them rush about in disgust to escape some disagreeable odor.

501 They make no canoes, but are satisfied with small rafts sufficient to float their cocoanuts or mano down the river.

142 The Bororó are the tallest of any South American Indians I have seen. I do not remember one man under five feet seven inches, and they are sometimes six feet three or four inches tall. They are full faced, the nose well shaped and not large nor particularly flat, nor are the cheek bones especially prominent. Many of the children and some of the young men are quite handsome.

161 The tribe is supposed to number between five and ten thousand
114 souls. We visited eight villages and settlements.

116

116 **TEXTS--a full set of pages from each processed source, arranged in page order, as a means of establishing the context for any particular slip. Sets are arranged in the numerical order of the sources. See also:**

Literary texts 539

Through The Wildernesses Of BRAZIL

By Horse, Canoe and Float

BY

William Azel Cook

[Title page]

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY
150 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BORDERS OF BORORÓLAND.—FORESTS AND THE FORCES OF NATURE.

000

WE DISMOUNTED at a ranch on the borders of Bororóland 648 where, a few months before, the ranch owner and his men had wantonly and cruelly massacred fourteen harmless, helpless Bororó men, women and children, who worked for him, living upon his vast estate and under his protection. This was part of a wicked, idiotic plan to rid this particular region of the Bororó. These ranchers had induced the governor of the state of Goyaz, who had declared that he had nothing for the aborigines but bullets, to send a detachment of soldiers to murder a certain group of the Bororó, while they themselves slaughtered the other little group. The ranchers succeeded in executing their part of the horrid crime, but the other group got wind of the approach of the military in time to escape. This atrocity was entirely without excuse. These men, calling themselves the "civilized ones," say that the poor aborigines are "wild beasts of the forest." But the reader can judge which of the two are most worthy of the name. A prominent Brazilian official told me once that a rubber exporting company, wishing to rid a certain district of its primitive inhabitants, gave them poisoned rum.

The great table standing between the Bonito and Araguaya 000 river valleys is level and nearly treeless. One day, while crossing this broad, lonely expanse, we encountered a solitary bullock, which my companion said was suffering from a

600 disease called *o seco*—the dry. It is a kind of consumption, and the flesh of the animal wastes slowly away during a period of one or two years until nothing remains but a skeleton with a leathery hide drawn over it. Even the viscera consumes away with the rest of the body; and when the brute dies, there is so little else than hair and bones that the buzzards are not interested in the carcass. We saw a carcass lying in the trail which the buzzards had not touched. If taken in time, the sick animal can be cured by being driven to new pasture and given plenty of salt. Another disease, which is very destructive of horses, occurs in the Cuyaba region. It attacks the spine near the kidneys, causing it to decay. No remedy is known. My companion lost a large number of horses and mules by this disease.

We saw, one day, a great ant bear which had come up out of the jungle to dig into ant-hills and feed. It cannot run faster than a good dog-trot, and its gait suggests running on three stilts, for its feet are much better adapted for digging than for locomotion. As it runs, the body rocks up and down, the prolonged snout rising and falling like the jib-boom of a vessel riding the waves, while the great hairy tail, which it curls over its back for an umbrella when rain is falling, wig-wags back and forth. Wishing to secure a photograph of the beast, we tried to tire it, or get it to face the dogs. Failing this, my companion seized it by the tail as it ran by a clump of bushes, hoping to hold it a moment, but he had to quickly relinquish his hold. It embraces its foe when grappled with, and will rend him asunder, digging its claws into his back. It is a powerful animal, and has been known to kill even the tiger when attacked by it, though it is a death-grapple for it as well.

As the abodes of the ranchers became less and less, we had, with increasing frequency, to pass the night in our tents in the wilderness, leagues distant from human dwellings. Storms, too, burst upon us, and at times the darkness was so intense that it could almost be felt. One with a nature at all sensitive, could not fail to be strangely impressed when passing a tempestuous night in these savage solitudes listening to the moaning and wailing of the wind through the forest like a thousand weird, Æolian harps, the incessant cannonade of the celestial batteries and the musketry of the rain-drops.

We crossed the Araguaya river by means of a bridge, at a point forty miles from its source, where it is less than forty feet broad, though deep. It cuts through tilted rocks near here and is forced into a channel but one foot wide. We visited two cataracts of the Araguaya some distance below this crossing, which are some thirty miles apart. We estimated that at the first three thousand cubic yards of water rolled over the cliff every minute and dropped sixty feet; and at the second, twelve thousand cubic yards of water fell about one hundred fifty feet each minute. In visiting the latter cataract, we arrived, first, at a point a short distance below the falls where they were not visible owing to the forest and jutting cliffs. Leaving our horses, we descended to the bottom of the chasm by climbing and sliding over great blocks of stone and making short stops by catching hold of trees and bushes. Standing at length upon some great boulders at the water's edge, we saw all about us an awe-inspiring spectacle. The waters, churned to madness, rolled like waves of the sea and with a deafening roar over the huge masses of rocks that formed the river bed; a dense arboreal growth of perpetual verdure robed and draped both sides of the chasm; the stormy sky and the deep shadows caused by the depth of the abyss and the low declining sun; all combined to form one of the wildest and most romantic scenes that I had ever beheld. After silently contemplating the wonderful, tumultuous scene a short time, we reascended our great natural staircase to the top of the chasm; and being assured that the cataract itself was "very" near and "easy to reach," and that we still had time to see it before sunset, we started in that direction. But we little knew how difficult was our undertaking. We had to pass through a terrible cornfield belonging to the cattle grower who owned this territory. About the only tools of the ordinary Brazilian

856 agriculturist is an axe and a grubbing hoe. Preparatory to planting a crop, he slashes down two or three acres of forest, allows it to dry during the rainless months, then burns it. But there always remains a more or less dense network of blackened trunks and limbs, among which he simply plants the corn without further preparation of the soil. The cornfield, therefore, that we had to traverse was a tangled mass of black, slimy and slippery logs, limbs and poles that were suspended higher than our heads, and stumps of every shape and size. Up through this network bristled the corn ten or twelve feet high, and over the corn, logs, limbs and stumps, climbed a dense and almost impenetrable mass of vines, while everything was dripping with water from the recent rains. Through, over, and under, this mass of logs, limbs and stumps, crawling, climbing, sliding, and practicing aerial rope walking, and through the corn and vines we crept and carved our way; and as we approached the falls, a storm of cold spray added to our discomfiture.

Arrived at our objective point, blackened and bedraggled, we saw before us a sublime and dreadful scene, far beyond my powers to describe:—The rushing, boiling and swirling waters above the falls, the headlong leap over the precipice into the deep, dark abyss, the rocky sides of which are perpendicular at this point, the ceaseless thunderings of the cataract, the torrents of spray, the deepening gloom of approaching night, the lonely wilderness all about us!—I felt almost speechless in the presence of this wonderful and awful display of the forces and the sublimity of nature. In the center of the cataract was a huge column of rock crowned with bushes, in the sides of which, in the midst of the fearful, thundering torrent, hundreds of bats made their home, absolutely safe from all enemies. Hoping to secure a photograph of the falls, notwithstanding the twilight, I set up the camera under a big rain cloak, held by my companions, who raised it for a moment while the exposure was being made. Darkness coming on rapidly, we had much difficulty in extracating ourselves from our almost uncanny situation.

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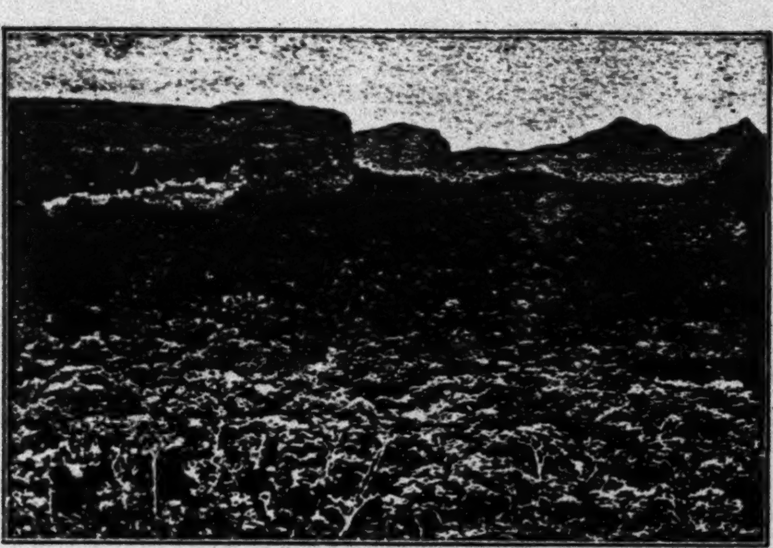

The Basin of a Primeval Lake, where the Rio Vermelho takes its rise, now the site of a Primitive Forest.

122

Eating Christmas Dinner.

[Facing p. 354]

Brazil.

The following day, we turned aside from the trail to visit a 000 beautiful cascade where the water descended about one hundred feet in seven jumps.

The Christmas season came and went while I was on this expedition. What a remarkable Christmas it was! How almost infinitely removed it was from the Christmas seasons I had passed in other days, the memory of which seemed like a strange dream! We were in the height of summer, and vegetation, displaying abounding life, was growing with marvelous luxuriance. The world of natural life, arrayed in its magnificent bridal robes, was certainly in harmony with the birthday of the Prince of Life.

Early in the day, I rode several miles over splendid grazing lands to visit a charming waterfall in the heart of the forest, the trees joined hands across it, forming an arbor of dense foliage beautifully draped with climbing vines, and the little stream flowed ever in eternal shadows. Enveloped in the shadows of a primeval forest at this delightful spot, a paradise of Nature, and listening to the soft music of splashing waters, far away from the haunts of men, we seemed to have left the careworn, excited world forever behind us.

My Christmas dinner, consisting of a fish, caught at the foot of the little falls just described, and a whole rib of beef together with a part of the backbone, was eaten at sunset while sitting on a box outside of our tent.

Near our camp was another pretty little waterfall. About five feet below the edge of the ledge over which the water dropped in a broad, thin sheet, a bench of rock jutted out just right for one to stand upon and take a delightful pour-bath, which was indulged in twice each day.

An incident occurred Christmas morning that gave us some feeling of insecurity. A venomous reptile killed a valuable dog of ours within one hundred feet of our tent. It was bitten on the neck, and had apparently fallen at once.

Leaving here, we followed for about one hundred miles 133 the lofty plateau dividing the great river systems of the north and of the south. The edge of this great table is nearly

133 everywhere precipitous, and in many places, perpendicular. The basins below are, for the most part, fairly level, while here and there colossal towers arise. After a storm, the air
[132] is amazingly clear and transparent. This, and the altitude of our position, enabled us to see enormous distances in every direction, and to look down upon a stupendous expanse of wild, rugged, unexplored and unknown world, that was scarred and furrowed, torn and upheaved by the storms, convulsions and subsidences of countless ages. Our view of the earth was like gazing at the moon through a powerful telescope, and beholding a hemisphere of mountains and hills, plateaux, valleys and chasms. At one place, the Rio Vermelho has tunneled under a mountain and one can look down into appalling depths; while at other exceedingly interesting localities on the edge of this Giant's table, some of which we visited New Year's day, this river has made prodigious excavations. Once, standing on the edge of a broad, vertical-walled gorge and shouting toward the opposite wall, we listened to a splendid echo which bounded and rebounded, again and again, zigzagging, as it descended the gorge to the open basin. We also saw this day, numerous rain-storms raging around us at the same moment, some near and others remote. This was one of the most peculiar and interesting New Year's Days that I have ever experienced.

131 Steamboats could ascend from the Amazon and from the river della Plata to within a few miles of where we stood. There are rapids to overcome on the Amazon side, 'tis true, but none on the Rio della Plata side. This would give nearly three thousand miles of navigation each way from the divide.

We had now left civilization behind and were getting
361 into the land of the Bororó. Our New Year's encampment was
609 close to the first small village of this tribe that we had yet
[291] seen, and these simple dwellers of the wilderness, wearing
[302] nothing but a coat of red grease, thronged about us all the time we remained here, gazing at us curiously, for we were
533 no less a freak to them than they were to us. It was while here that I first heard them sing the *bakororó*, the wild man's

evening anthem, which will be described in future pages. We 533 were at our camp at the time, a quarter of a mile distant from the savage chorus. It was indeed wild music, and an appropriate production of the wild ones and the wilderness. It was hard to believe that this fusillade of uncouth, alarming sounds issued from human throats. This savage music resembled, somewhat, the remarkable and uncanny sounds produced by coyotes when heard at night from a distance.

Doubtless these nude, unclean savages would appear extremely repulsive and unhuman to most civilized people, yet 114 I could but regard them as simple, overgrown, neglected children; and finding myself again among such rude, needy beings, I experienced a pleasure and satisfaction which I cannot describe, and inwardly thanked God, Who, in His gracious providence, had led me again to their haunts after a long detention among a more advanced race. Could I be among them once more, my cup of joy would be full.

Two naked Bororó accompanied us as helpers during the [123] remainder of our journey to one of the chief villages of the tribe. The world about us became more and more wild, rugged and inhospitable as we advanced, and the difficulties and dangers of travel increased. Moreover, the myriads of the insect 136 world seemed to resent our encroachment into their domains, and fell upon us with ever-increasing numbers and ferocity; while the elements, too, appeared to join forces with the rest of Nature, for storms occurred, not only daily, but several times [132] during twenty-four hours. One night, we found ourselves encamped upon the "private grounds" of a colony of destructive foraging ants, which set to work promptly to cut us to pieces; and when we halted at noon for breakfast, some days, we were set upon by hordes of a stupid, sluggish, stingless bee, called "father of honey" by the Brazilians, but known to science as the *Melipona fasculata*, of which there are more than fifty varieties in Brazil. They were attracted to us by the perspiration of ourselves and our beasts, and also by the odor of our food. They did not attack us in a single swarm, but came to us individually and gradually, until quart

136 measures of them had massed themselves upon our saddle blankets, and upon whatever else took their fancy. They did not bite, but lit upon us and dragged themselves, wormlike, over our flesh, down our necks and up under our hats, into our eyes, ears, noses and mouths, and dropped by threes and fours into our food as we were taking a mouthful. To kill them had no effect in reducing their numbers, and it was impossible to escape them. When crushed, their bodies exhaled an offensive effluvium, or a nauseating taste, if masticated. We were therefore compelled to make haste in preparing and eating our food, else we would have been driven nearly to madness. We were told that there are places where it is almost impossible to take food during daylight because of these pests.

137 Our route led us more and more into primeval forests, where, in the eternal shadows, we were completely engulfed in the endless masses of thorny, tangled undergrowth, dripping with water. Though my companion had previously cut a trail through here, it was largely taken possession of again by the forest; therefore, we were continually curried and harrowed from head to foot, and had to perform constantly acrobatic feats, or practice rough riding, in order to escape being dragged from our horses, while our clothing reverted rapidly to lint, and big, ugly *carapatos* clung to our boots by dozens.
136 Moreover, hornets had built their nests, Chinese-lantern-like, thickly along the trail; and when we disturbed these nests—for we were seldom aware of their presence until we had disturbed them—the infuriated insects invariably inspired our beasts with renewed energy, besides touching us up a little. Therefore, owing to these and other reasons, we sometimes finished the day's march feeling exhausted and low spirited.

One day, as we emerged from the woods into an open swail, we came suddenly upon a family of eight rheas—an old father and mother and six children. They squatted first into the grass to hide themselves, but conscious at once that they were not sufficiently hidden, they sprang up again on their long legs and made off rapidly, the old folk hanging in the rear until the children were safe.

Brazil.

The same day, we descended through the forest into a deep, 133
narrow valley, then up the precipitous side of a mountain 137
having six or seven terraces, descending, finally, into the
basin of the Rio Vermelho, which is covered by a dense forest,
and passing close to an immense rock called the Tower of
Antonico, which rises vertically to a height of five or six
hundred feet. We were ascending and descending and cutting
our way all day, encountering everywhere the beaten
runways of wild beasts, such as tapirs, pigs, capibaras and
jaguars.

About evening, we arrived at another small encampment 361
of the Bororó by the Rio Vermelho. As we approached the 574
cluster of huts, we were greeted by a volley of *college yells*, or
war-whoops, given by the Bororó in honor of their two fellow
tribesmen, who were accompanying us, and of my companion.
We remained here until morning, passing the night in one of 122
the savage huts. It was littered with rubbish, but we got the
natives to clean up a little, then to sprinkle some clean sand
around on the ground. This work was done by the females.

This was an extremely wild appearing spot. The somewhat 361
open space in which the few primitive residences were 137
clustered, was shaggy with a low growth of bushes and trees, 291
and hemmed in closely on all sides by a dense, unbroken 302
virgin forest; while in seemingly perfect harmony with these
savage, austere, though wildly picturesque surroundings,
were the nude, brightly painted, uncouth appearing human
beings who existed here, their long, black, gum-matted hair
flowing over their shoulders. One could not fail to be profoundly 000
impressed when contemplating the strange, awe-inspiring
picture of these children of Nature nestling, like Adams
and Eves and their progenies, in the bosom of wild, unsubdued
Mother Nature, exceedingly remote from civilization and almost
as untouched by it as the Cave Dwellers. The red, earth-charged
torrent of the Rio Vermelho flowed through and
added to the wild beauty of this Paradise of Nature. It was 136
at hightide at the time of our visit, and many varieties of
excellent fish sported in shoals in its turbid waters. The

The

226 savages were surfeited with fish, for we saw heaps of ten
251 and twenty-pound specimens lying in their huts. This was
433 their season, not only of plenty, but of super-abundance; nevertheless, since they preserve nothing for the season of scarcity, their feast was likely to be followed by a partial famine. It was a great treat to us to have an abundance of fresh, succulent fish for supper and breakfast.

123 A little girl of the village, having been ill of fever for some weeks, her father begged my companion, when we arrived, to request me to give her some medicine, for they thought me a conjurer. Calling her to me, I put a quinine tablet into her mouth and gave her a draught of pure coffee.
[593] She took the medicine readily because her father had commanded her to take it. Usually, these people will not eat anything we offer them until they have first seen us eat a portion of it. They fear it may be either poisoned or bewitched. I gave the child a second dose the following morning. This broke up the fever, for I heard some weeks afterward that she was well again and growing fleshy. Doubtless the savages now consider me a great medicine man. The
302 child in question was loved and esteemed by her parents, in
593 proof of which they had daubed her little body with gum
301 from the waist up, then stuck on a coat of white feathers; and finally, having rubbed a mass of red, putty-like gum into her front hair, they plaited over this a solid layer of brilliant crimson feathers plucked from the breast of the macaw.

000 As we journeyed the next day, skirting the Rio Vermelho, we met with an accident that seriously affected our food supply. One of our mules that was conveying two small bags of sugar, got too far in advance with some loose horses, and plunged with them into a stream that was usually dry, but which was now a raging torrent because of the recent rains. All were swept away down stream, but the horses succeeded in scrambling out, despite the network of vegetation that covered the bank down into the water. But the mule, because of its burden, could not get out, and was carried down stream. Our muleteers rushed up, and slipping instantly out

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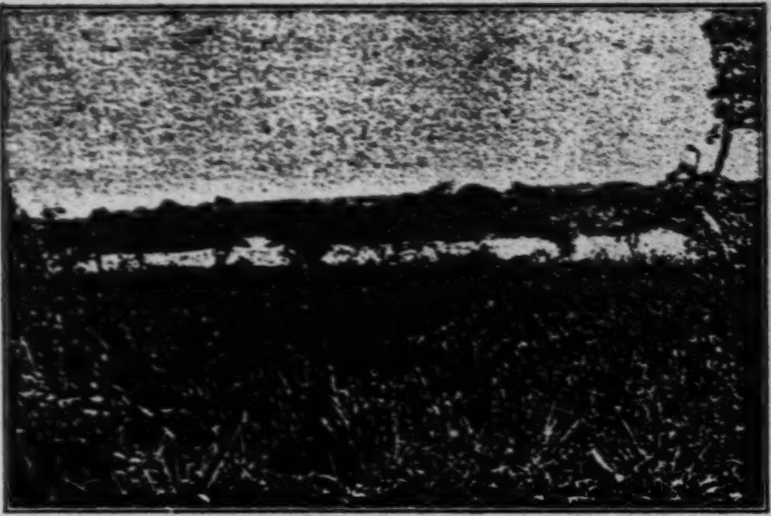

A Bororó Village.

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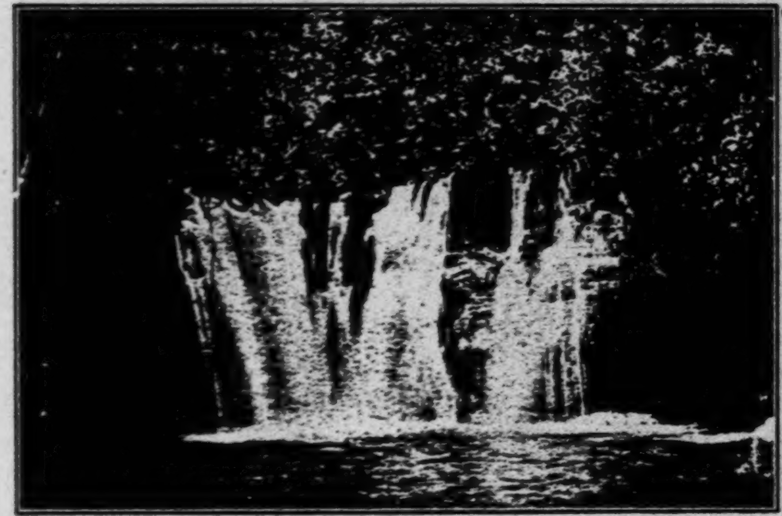

Christmas Day in the Heart of the Primitive Forest.

[Facing p. 360]

of their shirts and trousers, plunged into the water and swam 000 rapidly with the current. Soon, they saw the mule's ears appear above the water as it was drowning, and succeeded in reaching it; and finally, with much labor, in rescuing it from the water. But the burden it carried was left in the water. The two naked Bororó who were accompanying us, now became very useful to us. They are as much in their [526] native element in the water as on the land. Diving, they explored the bed of the stream for some distance, searching for the lost baggage, but succeeded in finding one bag only of what had been sugar. It was now a sack of molasses.

Having, with much difficulty, gotten all our effects across the angry little stream, we pushed on two miles further to the nearest opening in the woods, where we camped for the night and tried to convert our bag of syrup into sugar again, and save this much from the wreck, for the loss was a serious one to us since we could not replace it. We got one of the Bororó to carry the bag of molasses on his bare back. This pleased him hugely, and he grinned from ear to ear as he trudged along scraping off with his finger and licking the sweetness that oozed through the bag. He was besmeared with treacle from head to foot when we reached our camping place.

CHAPTER XXXII.

500 LIFE AMONG THE BORORÓ.—EYED CONSTANTLY BY A HORDE OF NUDE SAVAGES.—ASTONISHING MAKE-UPS.—PRIMITIVE HOUSEKEEPING AND SANITATION.—HORTICULTURE.—FOODS.—VEGETABLE COWS.—A WONDERFUL PALM.

361 AFTER nearly two months of horseback riding and camp-
[133] ing, we arrived at the confluence of the river Pogúbu, or
Ponte de Pedra, and the Rio Vermelho, which is about forty
miles north of the junction of the former river with the
[103] São Laurenço. Here, we found a large Bororó village, called
the Tá Dáre Máno Páro—potato bank—where we remained
[122] several weeks, camping in a stake-walled, palm-branch roofed
hut that had been erected a quarter of a mile from the Indian
village by my companion. We had to cross the river Pogúbu,
which we did in a small, dugout canoe made by Senhor An-
[133] tonio, and swam our horses over. It is about two hundred
yards wide at this point, deep, and has a strong current. A
heavy rain storm broke just as we were within a few hundred
yards of our destination, so we rushed our entire cavalcade
right into the big, open hut.

123 When our arrival became known at the primitive metrop-
152 olis, and it was known instantly, our hut began to fill with
our nude and painted fellow beings of all ages and both sexes,
who came to observe us and to examine all the marvelous
things that we had brought from our wonderful, and to them,
enchanted world. They flocked in upon us regularly at dawn

each day during the weeks that we remained in their vicinity, 123
and stayed by us faithfully until dark; and though coming 152
and going continually, we had always a full house. If I
opened a trunk, they were on the alert to peer into it, and to
handle whatever struck their fancy. When we ate, every
mouthful of food we took and our manner of eating; or if
we wrote, or conversed, or photographed, or made our toilet,
our every act was observed with the closest attention and commented upon in muttering tones by the horde of naked savages that encircled us, of which the women and children
formed the outer ring.

They sat or lounged upon our boxes, benches and tables, 517
or what served as a table, leaned against the stake walls of 123
our hut, sat cross-legged on dry ox-hides on the ground, or 516
upon flat stones or slabs of wood, or squatted around our
pot of food as it boiled at the camp-fire, eyeing it hungrily,
always leaving a patch of red grease on anything they sat
upon or reclined against. A few dozed occasionally; some 276
smoked when they could get a bit of tobacco; others roasted 252
hunks of beef at our fire, or lazily picked off and ate the 262
kernels from a roasted ear of corn; several nibbled pieces 857
of the heart of a dwarf palm; while others, the boys, slowly
devoured bits of fish that had been roasted black, peeling
back the skin and scales as they ate; or amused themselves
shooting with rude bows and arrows at a stump just outside
our hut. The men gossiped a little among themselves in 521
gutteral sounds, looking vacantly into space as expressionless 122
as a professional gambler, and never once glancing toward
the one addressed; or else asked us a few questions in the
limited language that we knew in common. They would 516
sit for hours at a time in every conceivable position and distortion of the body, uttering scarcely a word.

They are very fond of tobacco, and resorted to various 123
tricks to obtain a small piece. Whenever they did any work 276
for us, or made a trade, they invariably demanded a piece of
tobacco from my companion in part payment. Besides trading, 431
they availed themselves of numerous expedients to obtain

123 431 articles from us without offering us anything in exchange. One would say, "*Bororó*, headache—handkerchief, red"—Meaning, my head aches; give me a red handkerchief to tie around it. Or, "*Boé* sick—tobacco,"—I am sick. Give me a piece of tobacco to make me well. Or, again, "*Boé* pursue tapir—catch him not. Give tobacco." At other times, they sought to obtain things on credit, saying, "*Bororó*, bring"—I will bring you something. But they usually forgot "to bring." Sometimes they tried a little flattery. One day a chief man came to me saying: "Captain"—myself—"good—Captain very good. Bororó cry when Captain go away. Bororó ask Captain not go." But this was largely to pave the way to ask for something. When I had to refuse them and they seemed displeased, I said to them: "*Bororó*, good; *Bororó*, very good. Captain, bad—very bad." They always hastened to say in reply to this, "No, no; Captain, good—very good."

157 261 [433] [123] When fish became scarce and a hunting expedition had not resulted successfully, and they were, consequently, without food, they came to us acting as if they longed to become our slaves forever. After much self-abnegation, they would say, timidly, "*Boé tapira*,"—I like beef. *Tapira* is their word for cattle, cow, bullock or beef. But when they made a good haul of fish, their demeanor underwent an entire change, and seeming unable to recognize any one, they hastened to their huts without looking to the right or to the left. If spoken to, they feigned deafness. They do not wish many friends at such times as this as they would have to divide their catch with them. This is much like the civilized man, who, having acquired a fortune, is unable, longer, to recognize his less favored friends and relatives.

764 A death occurred in the village the day after our arrival, and as custom among these people forbids that any member of the family of the deceased should leave the village to fish, hunt, or to forage, until all the obsequies, which continue many days, are over, they must trust to the generosity of their [123] neighbors for food. Consequently, the father of the bereaved

family came to us often, saying "*Nagareda by—tapira.*" (My 123
child die. I would like a piece of beef.) Sometimes he begged 764
for other things, saying, for example, "My child die; I would
like a handkerchief, red."

The smart young men of the tribe, who, like their civilized 301
brothers, are fond of dress and display, wear suspended from [304]
a hole in the lower lip, a chain of bright shells six inches long,
terminating in a brilliant crimson feather. But the older men,
who no longer care for fashion and show, discard this ornament and wear only a wooden plug in the hole, as they are
unable to drink when it is open, it being very large.

The young women, and girls over six years of age, wear 291
a kind of corset made of the inner bark of a tree. It looks 287
much like the sides of a cheese box, is twelve inches broad,
hard and stiff. It must be very uncomfortable when first
worn. In addition to this primitive corset, the females wear
a long strip of soft inner bark eight inches broad and resembling brown canvas, which is specially prepared. It is passed
between the legs, and each end, at the back and in front, is
tucked in between the upper edge of the corset and the body.
It is made of the same kind of bark as that used by the Karayá, [171]
but does not drop down in front, apron-fashion, as with the
Karayá. Adorned with these articles, the females consider
themselves fully and decently dressed, and would not think
of appearing in public without them.

Crescents, evidently in veneration of the moon, are worn 301
constantly by both sexes, suspended from the neck; also rows, 237
six or eight inches long, of monkey, tiger or wolverine teeth.
They seemed to prize these decorations very highly, and were
always loathe to part with them. The huge horn claws of
the *tatú canástro*, the giant armadillo, are also much valued,
and worn hanging from the neck.

Many of the men wear, wound around the head, a rope 301
ten or fifteen yards long, made by braiding together human [283]
hair which was cut off or jerked out during funeral ceremonies. [764]
The men also tied the bright-colored handkerchief, obtained

7

301 from us, around their heads; while the boys tied them around their loins, allowing the flap to drop behind.

302 It is chiefly the young men that besmear themselves from head to foot with the yellowish-red grease, or paint, until they glisten in the sunshine, and also mass a red, putty-like material into their hair. Both sexes allow their coarse, black, horse-tail like hair to grow long and drop down in an ugly, tangled mass over their shoulders, except in front, where it is cut off, like "bangs." The young men also paint a black crescent over the forehead from cheek to cheek, or a complete circle, passing over the upper lip; and glue bright feather epaulets on their shoulders. [304] The men pull out every hair of their sparse beards and also of their eyebrows, which gives them a peculiar look; and occasionally pierce the nose and ears as well as the lower lip.

142 The Bororó are large, stoutly-built, powerful men. I do not remember having seen one less than five feet eight inches tall.

554 Social grades exist among these children of the forest just as among higher races, though much less complex and not so distinctly marked. They have, in a small, crude way, an "upper ten" and a "lower ten" thousand; "high caste" people and "outcasts"; "dudes," "belles," and "back numbers;" "big men," "first families," and "the masses."

301
177 We could not but be highly amused at times because of the astonishing habiliments in which these big, overgrown children occasionally appeared. Any garment secured from us was always regarded purely as an ornament, and not in any sense as a necessary article of covering, unless to protect themselves at times from the cold, or from insects. Neither did they have any knowledge of the civilized world's mandates as to the manner in which these articles should be worn. One day, my companion gave a pair of white drawers and a white vest to a dignified old captain who already possessed a black shirt and hat. Shortly thereafter, he appeared wearing all these articles as a morning dress, and these *only*. In the afternoon, he visited us again, wearing the vest and hat, *only*, as

an evening dress. Some days afterward, another sedate captain 301 appeared at our hut gravely wearing my companion's [17[illegible] riding boots, a cutaway coat and a hat, *only*. Again, a big, burly savage would be seen arrayed only in a garment which was once a white shirt, and a hat; or, finally, wearing nothing but a hat. The hat, too, is only an ornament, as custom among these primitive people does not require its use.

To give them in exchange for articles of their manufacture, 437 and for food, I had brought a number of knives of various sizes, a quantity of bright-colored cloth, beads, and fishhooks [126] of different sizes, but no axes, because of their weight. The Bororó, like all primitive peoples, are fond of bright colors, of [822] which scarlet is much the most admired. They dislike black, for it is the emblem of mourning to them. Whenever they brought anything to me for exchange, they placed it upon the table, then withdrew to the background as if they purposed to give it to me, gratis. But knowing their ways, we would ask them what they wished in exchange, and they would point to the article desired. As their standard of values was far different from mine, I sometimes found that they asked much less for their products than they should receive, in which case I usually added an article or two. At other times, they demanded articles in exchange that would have made the object they brought me very costly. But we usually sent them away satisfied.

One day, five splendid warriors came to visit us from a [103] distant village called the Kogi au Páro, bringing with them [411] beautifully ornamented bows and arrows, having heard that we were giving knives and other useful articles in exchange for their products. They filed, cat-like, into our hut with solemn and dignified mien, and "laid down their arms" upon our table, then modestly withdrew to the rear of the primitive company that surrounded us. My companion, Senhor Antonio, then said to the first man, "*Caiba?*"—what do you wish? "Axe," he replied, making us understand by a mixture of native and Portuguese words and by signs, as did they all; in fact, they communicated with us more by means of

437 signs than by words. "*Caiba?*" again said my companion to the second copper-colored figure. "Big knife," he replied. The third man explained by shivering and acting cold, and going through the motions of drawing on a shirt and pulling it down, that he wanted a shirt; while the fourth and fifth wanted cloth.

To the first, we explained by words and signs, "Axe, none, —tramp, tramp many days—mule, one—trail bad." Neither did we have a shirt for the third man. But he insisted upon having one, saying, "*Boé*, sick; *Boé*, cold"—me sick, me cold. I was uncertain what to do to satisfy him and obtain his beautiful bow and arrow. But at this juncture, one of our men, a stripling of nineteen years, came to the rescue, offering his undershirt on condition that I get him another. When the garment was brought in, however, and displayed to the big Bororó, and was seen to be even smaller than its slim owner, the savage exclaimed in dismay, "*Baikymo!*"—no, no, me fat! and he passed his hands over his big body. Finally, I remembered that I had a small tent which I could not use. This I tore up and made all the men happy who wanted cloth [281] and shirts. The Bororó do not appear to make any use of the skins of animals for covering, and apparently, have no knowledge of tanning.

[571] They always joined in helping one of their number who was making a trade with us, by lauding the object offered, and demanding a good return from us. We were sometimes flooded with certain articles of their manufacture. One day, [532] some queer little dolls were brought to me, which I traded for [126] as I had none; but the next day I was surfeited with them as they are easily made.

152 The little black box, my camera, caused the savages much anxiety. They would take to their heels whenever they saw me pointing it toward them. It is useless to try to explain to them how it works, for it is so far beyond their comprehension that they cannot possibly understand it. It is an inscrutable mystery to them, and they regard it with super-
000 stitious fear. A contrivance that can stamp and preserve in

its obscure heart an exact image of anything it winks at, 000
must be some wicked device of the *bopi*—demons. The savage
believes that any one having his picture may practice some [754]
black art over it and bring evil upon the original: that, as one may do what he wishes with the image, he likewise has power over the real man. Moreover, if one is such a powerful conjurer that he can secure that image, What may he not do with the original? I had to bribe them with valuable 152
gifts in order to secure a number of pictures. 126

The Bororó, like other South American tribes, dwell in 342
gloomy palm-branch huts that resemble squatty, old hay- [361]
stacks huddled together in complete disorder in the coarse grass and among the scraggy trees of the upland jungle. They are constructed by first planting two posts in the ground twenty or thirty feet apart, ten feet high, and terminating in a fork, to support the ridge pole, which is held in position by means of creepers from the forest, instead of nails. Against the ridge pole, are reclined and bound, the rafters, the feet of which are sunk slightly in the ground and the upper ends are bound to the ridge pole. Bamboo poles are next bound horizontally to these rafters, while upright stakes are set in at the gables; and finally, to the entire frame-work, are bound huge, feather-shaped palm-branches, to shed the rain, and exclude the light because of the flies. The primitive residence is now complete. The only light that enters is what filters through the palm-branches. To enter, one pushes aside the palm-branches at one end and enters in a stooping position.

These strange, uncouth dens of savagery, are dark, unclean, and ill-smelling, and so devoid of every object considered absolutely essential to a civilized human abode, that it is difficult to comprehend that they are the dwellings of true human beings—the homes of multitudes of real men, women and children; where they are born, reared and pass their days,
and the only abodes they have ever known. Entering one of [364]
these human lairs, we find it more or less strewn with decaying food refuse, such as bones and other rejected parts of fish, mammals, birds and reptiles; shells, stones and peelings

342 from fruits and vegetables, besides chips and other débris
364 from weapon and ornament making. Like infants, they simply
drop, wherever they happen to be, such parts of the food
they are eating as they do not want.

352 There is no household furniture, as we understand it, in
[285] these primitive residences. Mats, made by braiding together
the long, slender leaves of palm-branches, are spread upon
the ground to serve as beds, tables, chairs, and sofas. Calabash
415 and gourd shells of various shapes and sizes, and large,
oyster-like shells, found in the woods, are the pans, basins,
bowls, bottles, cups, plates and spoons, furnished by Nature,
[323] ready for use. A few clay pots are the only vessels the
354 Bororó have which are made by their own hands. The
"stove" is a light fire made by placing the ends of small
352 sticks together like spokes of a wheel. The "pantry" is a
251 little platform of sticks five feet directly above the fire, supported
by four stakes, upon which is placed the food that
cannot be eaten at once in order that it may be preserved by
353 the smoke. Palm-nuts are also heaped up here. Stuck
around in the roof and hanging from it, are seen the primitive
weapons of war and of the chase, such as bows and
various kinds of spear-like arrows, fishing gear, several kinds
of small, home-made baskets, feather and bone ornaments,
charms, and ceremonial paraphernalia. The primitive housekeeper
252 is seen squatting or kneeling, engaged in the preparation
of some insipid broth in a clay pot over the little fire,
or else splitting goose-egg cocoanuts and pulverizing the meats
in a rude mortar with which to make a kind of bread. The
462 head of the household kneels, or sits cross-legged, on a palm-leaf
352 mat occupied in making bows and arrows or ornaments,
516 or repairing fishing-tackle; or else lying full-length on his
857 mat with a five-inch pole for a pillow, on which the neck
rests, and nibbling a bit of jungle food; while the children
are seen, either assisting the mother in her culinary operations,
or amusing themselves in a quiet way just outside the hut.
600 Not a patch of "dry goods" has ever entered this human

abode, and the entire family, as previously stated, is virtually 000
in a state of nature.

When the primitive residence becomes so unsanitary that 342
even the barbarous occupants cannot longer endure it, they 364
erect a new hut a short distance from the old one and move
into it, burning, or merely abandoning the old dwelling. No
dray is needed to move such a household, and the packing up
is very simple, for the housewife can gather up in a few
minutes and carry in one load the entire possessions of the
family. At wide intervals of time, the entire population of 361
the primitive city moves out, constructs another cluster of 364
huts on a new site, then burns the old city. This is their
method of house-cleaning and of city sanitation. Instead of
removing the garbage, they remove the town, or, at least,
change their residence. There is no sweeping, dusting, wash- 356
ing, scrubbing, ironing, mending, dress-making, or washing 296
to do in these primitive abodes. The over-burdened civilized
housekeeper must admit that primitive housekeeping is not
destitute of advantages. One to four families dwell in a hut, 592
each having their own little camp-fire, or *kitchen*, for, in a
limited sense, at least, they do not believe in having "two
cooks in one kitchen."

In every Bororó encampment, or village, there is one very 345
large hut around which all the family huts cluster. This hut 361
is called the *baihýtu*—great hut—while a small, family dwelling 342
is called a *bai*. This great hut is a public building, or a sort
of town hall where all public functions occur. It is also a 342
bachelors' hall where all the single men of the village reside;
a kind of club-house or hotel; the village workshop where the 589
men do the most of their weapon and ornament making; and 548
finally, the public brothel. No female of the tribe is per- 562
mitted to enter this primitive "house of mirth" save at
night for immoral purposes, or to participate in funeral
ceremonies.

Some Brazilian tribes, instead of having many small huts 000
in each of which two or three families, only, reside, erect
one very large hut, one or two hundred feet long and seventy-

000 five feet broad, which is partitioned off into a large number of apartments and occupied by an entire village of twenty or thirty families. It is a primitive tenement house.

231 The Bororó have no domestic animals whatever; and no captive wild creatures except the brilliant plumaged macaws and parrots, which are kept for their feathers, and for the pleasure of their companionship.

241 433 About the only agricultural work the Bororó do, in common with many other South American tribes, is to raise a little yellow corn, though they obtain but a mere handful of their annual food supply from this source. Agriculture is always carried on with extreme difficulty where the savages have no steel instruments with which to cut down the forest and prepare the soil. Those tribes that have secured axes, grubbing-hoes and large knives, sometimes plant considerable ground.

241 461 433 But the fact that all these tribes are communistic societies; that is, have all things in common, operates seriously, it seems to me, against their engaging in agriculture on a scale sufficiently large to produce their entire food supply. Their social arrangements are such that if any family should raise a quantity of produce, they would have to divide it with the rest of the community; so, after all their labor, they would find themselves without anything for tomorrow, and on a level with those who had not toiled. Consequently, there is but little incentive to provide food except as hunger drives them forth, in common with the other denizens of the wilds, to procure something for immediate consumption.

000 Therefore, the primitive man has knowledge of nearly everything in his savage world that is edible, whether it belongs to the animal or vegetable kingdom, and knows just when and where it is to be found, and how to obtain it. Some tribes look almost exclusively to the forest, others to the river, for their meat supply. Thus different tribes are either expert fishermen, or expert hunters. When fish become scarce, as they do at certain seasons, the fishermen tribes are forced to become vegetarians, largely.

Brazil.

The palm-tree in its numerous varieties, is the never-failing 824
friend of the "children of the wilderness." It will provide 262
them with food of some kind every day in the year, even 252
when there is nothing else to be had. Every day, unfailingly, they may obtain the white, cheese-like heart of a kind that grows but six feet high. The outer rings are stripped off, leaving a vegetable like the solid part of a cabbage. I found it an excellent food, when cooked. The savages eat it raw. The spongy, fiberous trunk of another palm, when pounded and wrung out, yields a white, starchy liquid, like milk. This is boiled in a clay pot and mixed with the yellow, insipid fruit of the burity-palm. It is considered good broth. Or, the uncooked liquid may be evaporated, and the starch thus obtained made into a kind of bread. The large, yellow, plum-like fruit of the burity-palm is eaten raw with a relish by the Bororó, though I found it far from palatable.

Another variety of palm furnishes an unfailing supply of nuts about the size of a goose-egg. This nut is first thrown into the fire for a few minutes, then the thin outer shell is peeled off and a layer of an insipid substance, somewhat like slippery-elm, is scraped from it and eaten. Next, the nut, which is very thick, is split, and the small, white, woody kernel removed and eaten raw, or pulverized in a wooden mortar and made into a cake, which is wrapped in green leaves and baked in the ashes. The Bororó consider this a
delicacy. Still other varieties of palm furnish the Bororó the 824
material for his bows and arrows, and cordage for fish-nets and harpoon lines, besides the material with which to build his hut.

Charles Darwin describes a very interesting palm found 000
on the Andean ridge. When fallen up hill and the top cut off, it yields an incredible quantity of sweet sap, from which syrup and sugar are made.

But the most remarkable tree is the famous "vegetable cow," found in Venezuela and in the Amazonian forests, which yields an amazing quantity of milk. Humboldt describes this wonderful plant in his book of travels in tropical America.

000 He says: "Among the many curious phenomena which I saw in the course of my travels, I confess there were few which affected my imagination so powerfully as the cow-tree. * * * * * Magnificent forests, majestic rivers, lofty mountains clad in perennial snows, are not the objects which we most admire. A few drops of a vegetable fluid impresses us with the power and fecundity of Nature. On the parched sides of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery foliage, its large, woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year, its leaves are not moistened by a single shower; its branches look as if they were dead and withered. But when the trunk is bored, a bland and nourishing fluid flows from it. It is at sunrise that the vegetable fountain flows most freely. At that time, the natives are seen coming from all parts provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at its surface. Some drain their bowls on the spot, while others carry them to their children. One imagines he sees the family of the shepherd who is distributing the milk of his flock."

Wallace describes another milk tree, the *Massaranduba*, which he saw near Para, saying: "It is one of the noblest trees of the forest, having a straight stem and rising to an enormous height. The wood is very hard, fine-grained and durable. It bears an edible fruit of excellent quality, the size of a small apple, and full of rich pulpy juice. The milk, which exudes when the bark is cut, is of the consistency of thick cream, and but for a slight peculiarity in the taste, can scarcely be distinguished from the genuine product of the cow. We cut several notches in the bark of some logs of this tree that had lain on the ground a month, and in a minute, the rich milk was oozing out in great quantities, some of which we collected in a basin, diluted it with water, strained it, and used it for supper and breakfast. The peculiar flavor of this milk seemed to improve the flavor of our tea, and gave it as good a color as rich cream. We had a custard made of it, which proved very good. This milk also makes an excellent and durable glue; in time it hardens and becomes like gutta-percha."

Another remarkable tree, found in Brazil, is the Carnaúba palm. From its roots, a tea is made equal to Sarsaparilla; a kind of straw grows on the stem, from which hats, baskets and brooms are made; the trunk can be pulverized and made into an excellent paper cloth, and building material; the cabbage-like heart of the stem, called *palmetto*, is a much-prized edible vegetable. In the stem also, a pith is found that can be used as cork, while the solid wood is valuable for making musical instruments, tubes and pumps. From the sap, vinegar, wine, saccharine and sago are made; the fruit of the tree makes a nutritious food for cattle; and from the seeds—nuts—a kind of coffee is made when real coffee is scarce. The tree also yields a white liquid, like cocoanut milk, which, when dried and pulverized, makes an excellent flour. Finally, its leaves yield large quantities of valuable wax. Three million pounds of this wax is exported annually from Brazil, while two million pounds are used at home.

Chapter XXXIII.

000 WEAPONS.—THE BLOW GUN.—HUNTING.—MARVELOUS FISHERMEN.—THE MANO RACE.—THE WILD MAN'S EVENING ANTHEM.—WOMAN. —UNIQUE MARRIAGES.—FIGHTS.—PRIMITIVE ARITHMETIC.

411 The weapons of the Bororó, used both in war and in the chase, are huge bows that are longer than the archer is tall, spear-like arrows four or five feet in length, and two styles of clubs, made of iron-like wood, one of which is shaped like an enormous dagger.

[824] They obtain the wood for their bows from a certain palm-tree, and the fibre with which to make their bow strings
[283] from the long, slender foliage of another plam. The fibre
is stripped out of the green leaves by the primitive artisan,
and twisted, or spun, by rolling between the palm of the hand and the leg above the knee as the spinner sits, cross-legged, on his palm-leaf mat, and lastly, these strands are twisted dexterously into cordage in the same manner. The bow is usually wound half its length with reserve string.

The arrows are made by skilfully fitting together three
[824] different pieces of wood. The point, or spear part, is made
either of taquara or palm-wood, and in a variety of forms, according to the use to be made of it. Broad blade points are used in hunting large game, and for war, while various styles of harpoon points are used for fishing. A special kind of arrow is made which is six feet in length and very

heavy, and is shot with a line attached. It is really a harpoon, to be used in fishing. A big Bororó, with a bow six and a half or seven feet in length can launch an arrow with such force as to drive it through a tapir at close range; but he is not an accurate marksman beyond fifty yards. 411

A unique weapon, used by many of the aborigines of the Amazon valley, is the blow-gun. It resembles a gigantic peashooter ten or fifteen feet in length, or an enormously elongated bass clarinet, for the mouth-piece is made flaring like the bell of a clarinet. The wild man finds this weapon nearly ready made by Nature. It is constructed of the stem of a palm that grows but fifteen feet high, without joints, and two inches thick, and has a soft, pithy heart, which, when removed, leaves a smooth, polished bore. To make the gun, two of the straightest stems obtainable are selected, one small and the other large; and when the bores are cleared, the small tube is forced inside the large one, in order that one may counteract any slight crookedness in the other. A bell-shaped, or conical wooden mouth-piece is next attached, and sometimes the tube is wound spirally from end to end with the smooth, shiny bark of a creeper. 600

The needle-like arrows are made of the spinous processes of the patawa tree, having a conical tuft of cotton secured to the base, which fits snugly, but not tightly, into the bore of the gun. This projectile is hurled by a short, sharp puff of breath, like a boy shoots a pea, and has a range of forty or fifty yards. But it cannot be propelled with sufficient force to kill anything, so the points of several are dipped in a poisonous liquid just before they are to be used, which immediately stupifies and kills the victim, if only the skin is broken, though the animal may be restored if salt is at once rubbed into its mouth.

Since the blow-gun is noiseless, it is more useful to the primitive hunter than a firearm. With it, he is enabled to bring down monkey after monkey, for instance, until he has bagged an entire troop, whereas, with a firearm, all would be frightened away by the first shot. This weapon has been

COC used with fatal effect against traders ascending narrow streams in canoes, for the savage manipulator, hiding behind the dense masses of trees and bushes that lined the bank of the river, stealthily launched his deadly darts without being discovered.

721 [411] In war, the Bororó, like many other South American tribes, prefer a hand to hand attack with heavy clubs. If they can choose the hour of attack, they select a moment just before dawn, or else the evening just after dark. They yell fiendishly when making an attack.

361 433 221 The Bororó always build their villages near some important stream, for they look more to the water for their flesh food than to the forest, and are far more expert fishermen than hunters. Though when fish are scarce, which they are during several months each year, they scour the forest in search of game. At such times, entire families leave the village to wander far away through forest and jungle, remaining absent two or three months.

224 They bravely attack, hand to hand, even the most ferocious game—the jaguar. When this powerful beast attacks a man, it springs to within a few feet of him, then rises up on its hind feet, like a bear, and closes with him. It is remarkable that an animal of the cat family should assume this position; but perhaps it is suggested to it by the upright position of the man. When forced to meet the beast in close combat, the Brazilian hunter provides himself with a heavy bar of wood five or six feet in length and terminating in a fork. Grasping this with the left hand, he holds it inclined in front of him with the foot resting upon the ground, and parries the attack by receiving the brute in the fork, which gives him time to thrust into its vitals the long knife held in the right hand.

But the Bororó hunter rarely uses the fork, employing, instead, a still more dangerous method. Having wound fifteen or twenty yards of hair rope around the left arm, he presents it, doubled, to the great cat when it rises to attack him, and at the same instant, plunges a knife into its heart. I saw a Bororó whose arm had been crushed between the jaws of a jaguar in a battle of this kind. 224

The great ant-bear is a much-prized game with the Bororó. Finding one, they do not kill it at once, but drive it to the village. This is easily done since the brute always runs straight away from its pursuers at a slow pace; hence it can be driven in any direction by the hunter appearing on one flank or the other. The savages make use of every part of its body—blood, flesh, skin, hair, bones and entrails.

226 [286] The Bororó are marvelous fishermen. Their principal method for catching fish is with a huge sack-like net which is made with large meshes and of the same kind of cordage as the bow strings. The mouth of the sack is secured to two parallel rods ten or twelve feet in length, which are bound together at the extremities; and the sack is opened by springing the rods apart. Equipped with these sack-nets, a group of the [526] primitive anglers plunge into the river a few miles above the village and descend with the great, muddy current, swimming and diving, and exploring the depths of the river; and by the exercise of astonishing skill, succeed in bagging fish that weigh ten or fifteen, or even one hundred pounds. When the fish is once inside the sack, the mouth is allowed to spring shut, and the sack is then gradually rolled up by revolving the poles; and finally, when the fish is in such close quarters that it is helpless, and has been brought to the surface of the water, the fisherman seizes the small club which he has been trailing from the back of his neck, and pommels it until it is dead. The sack is now unrolled and the fish removed, strung on a cord and trailed behind with the club; then the almost amphibious man proceeds once more to explore the depth of the river for more fish. The whole operation of catching and disposing of the fish is performed in deep water; and when the savage angler finally lands at the village, he may drag after him half a dozen or more ten or fifteen-pound fish. Sometimes, four or five large fish are caught at one scoop. When the fisherman bags a fish nearly as large as himself, he is forced to call a companion to assist him.

226 526 147 These men display amazing strength in the water. They have almost lived in the water from babyhood, and have learned the secret of just how to bring into play nearly every ounce of their great strength. An ordinary swimmer wastes the greater part of his strength in the water because he has not acquired the secret of how to apply it. A Bororó will roll over on his back, seize an object with both hands, and pull almost like a tug-boat.

226 When fish become scarce, part of the men of the village, taking their sack-nets, form a cordon across the river, then bellowing, screaming and diving, treading the water and making a great commotion, drive the scattered fish down the river, much as cowboys round up cattle; while the remaining men, with their sack-nets, form a line across the river two or three miles below to complete the round-up. Thus they corner and bag the fish.

[411] [229] Another method of fishing employed by the Bororó, is with a harpoon. The point, including the one or two barbs, is of bone, and detaches from the staff, which is eighteen inches in length. Fifty or one hundred yards of strong line is wound around the point part and one end secured to the detachable staff. Armed with this weapon, the fisherman dives very quietly to the bottom of the river at a spot which he knows to be the lurking place of a *jahú*, for instance, a fish that grows as large as a man. Espying one as it rests in the shadow of some rock, he approaches it with great stealth, lying, perhaps, motionless in the water and allowing the current to float him gently within reach of his prey. Then, suddenly, he plunges the harpoon into it, and retaining the staff in his hand, he rises quickly to the surface, lands, plays his game, and finally brings it ashore. This method of fishing is practiced when the water becomes less charged with earth.

[411] [229] Still another method of catching fish is with the bow and the large harpoon arrow with the line attached. Thus armed, the fisherman awaits his game at some shallow place, or where the fish pass near the surface of the water; or at a spot where they approach the edge of the river to feed upon certain

fruits that fall into the water from the overhanging branches 226
of trees. The habits of the denizens of both forest and stream
are well known to the wild men.

The Bororó also fish with a bow and an ordinary harpoon- [141]
pointed arrow, which they shoot into a fish when it comes [227]
near the surface, then dash into the water, seize the end of
the arrow and drag the fish ashore. They cannot catch very
large fish in this way. They do not care much for fish-hooks.
The only time I saw them use them was to patrol the river
once when fish were scarce. But this is a new method of
fishing to them.

One day, we went fishing with hooks and lines off some rocks. After waiting some time for a bite, one of our hooks in the meantime getting fast in a log at the bottom of the river, several Bororó appeared, equipped with their sack-nets, and plunged into the river to fish. So we asked one of them to dive and release the hook. Coming up with it soon, he made us appear foolish by coolly informing us that there were no fish in that locality. Having learned to greatly respect Bororó knowledge of such matters, we drew in our lines and abandoned the spot.

When we arrived at the Tá Dáre Máno Páro village, the [103]
river Pogúbu teemed with fish, especially with a fine specie [136]
called *pacú* by the Brazilians. A low, rumbling sound, like
the paddling of a steamboat in the distance, caused by these
fish, issued from the river. In these seasons of plenty, the [511]
natives are contented and grow fleshy.

The Bororó frequently plunge into the turbid waters of
the river at the dead of night when the darkness is inky,
and swimming and diving, fish for hours while descending
with the current. Of course they can see nothing, so must
guide themselves by the senses of feeling and hearing. They [501]
have no canoes, nor any knowledge of how to make them.

One of the most striking traits of character of these chil- 151
dren of Nature is their power of imitation. Their music (?) 825
is almost wholly the reproducing of the voices of the many
wild creatures they know, while their sports are close imita-

151 tions of the doings of animate nature, not excepting even the
825 insects. Indeed, the imitating of animals appears to form a
large part of Bororó life.

526 Late, one murky afternoon, I had the pleasure of seeing
[524] them run what they call the *Mano* race. *Mano* is their name
for the small, wild banana-plant used in this race. The word
also means youth, or young man. Perhaps the name means,
the young men's race. The race is run by two groups of men
[825] each carrying a ponderous roll of the *mano* plants, and seems
to be a close imitation of some of the performances of the
saüba ants.

Early in the day, all the men of the village went up
[501] the river to a spot where the *mano* grows, and cut a ton or
two of the plants, which grow but three or four feet high,
[524] brought the material down the river on rude floats made of
[616] bundles of bamboo or burity-palm wood, carried it to a point
about seven hundred yards from the village and placed it in
two piles, one for each of the two divisions of the village,
the *Shcraidi* and the *Ta Nagarêda.*

Each group of contestants now seated themselves on the damp ground and prepared the *mano* by cutting off the tops, leaving a spongy stalk eighteen inches long. This done, each group transformed its stack of material into a huge roll, or wheel. To do this, two men placed themselves face to face, five feet apart, like living posts, having two long cords passed over their shoulders and looped down to the ground between them, and supported by two companions who leaned against them, back to back; then the *mano* was piled between these human posts and the cords were thrown over it and drawn tight by placing the rolls on their sides and three or four savages pulling on the end of each cord while others pommeled the green mass over the cords. When tightly bound, each wheel was again placed in an upright position ready to be seized and hurried off in the mad race for the village.

526 But primitive men must do things decently and in order
616 as well as their more favored civilized brothers. A *Ta*

Nagarëda man, with much ostentation and politeness, now 526
steps quickly over to the *Sheraidi* group, grasps a man by the 616
wrist, trots him around his wheel, then stops in front of it,
announcing by this act that the wheel is delivered to the team
that is to run with it. A *Sheraidi* promptly returns the compliment by stepping gravely over to the *Ta Nagarëda* group
and repeating the ceremony. Each man who has now been
presented to his wheel and his wheel to him, politely introduces to his wheel, one by one, in the same manner, all the
men of his team until each squad of human ants surrounds
its own big worm.

The signal to begin the race being given, each team in- 526
stantly seized its wheel and ran, pell-mell, yelling wildly, in
a mad race for the village. The spectacle suggested strongly a
swarm of ants that had seized a huge living worm and were
running frantically with it for their dark galleries. Each team
tried to maintain its wheel in an upright position, but it took
a sag this way and a lurch that way, then finally rolled over
onto the running, tumbling, squirming mass and fell to the
ground. But picking it up again instantly, they rushed on,
headlong, some under it, some on it, some dragging it, while
others were being dragged, and all emitting continuously a
dull, maniacal roar. Sometimes one team was in the lead,
sometimes the other. As they rushed into the savage city
through a narrow *alley* between two *private residences*, one of
the wheels took a lurch and burst through the wall of one of the
residences into the *sitting-room*. At last, both teams threw [361]
down their rolls at the same moment in the *public square* near
the great hut, amid the acclamations of the entire city. All the [345]
contestants now hastened into the great hut to enjoy a savage
banquet, leaving their wheels to the women and children, [352]
who fell upon them in swarms and began, excitedly, to
pull out the *mano* in order to tie it into small bundles for use
as pillows.

The Bororó imitate Nature also in their musical festivals— 533
if one may call this medley of wild, discordant sounds music. [512]
They sing what they call the *bakororó* in the savage town hall [345]
nearly every evening just after nightfall.

533 nearly every evening just after nightfall. It is the wild man's
825 evening anthem—a grand, pandemoniacal serenade, primitive
charivari, or callithumpian band and madman's glee club
534 chorus, reproducing the harsh, strident and fearsome vociferations of the denizens of forest, marsh and stream, and supplemented by pumping artificial thunder through huge trumpets'
103 of savage manufacture. I passed three nights in the great hut
114 at a village called the Kogi au Paro, where I saw and heard the
bakororó at close quarters.

The air was heavily charged with savage odors, while the darkness was intense, slightly broken momentarily by the fitful, lurid flame of the little fire in one corner of the pen where our pot of boiled beef was being fried for the fifth time; so the outline of the group of nude, bronze savages could be discerned only occasionally. But, though there was little that appealed to the sense of sight, the auricular sense was almost overwhelmed by the hurricane of confused, strident noises that swept over us, issuing from this storm-center-like horde, and which sounded more like the cries and roars of a maddened menagerie than the utterances of human beings. One could easily imagine that he was assisting at a general assembly or world's convention of all creation;—that all four-footed beasts, flying fowl and creeping things, and, in brief, "everything that hath breath," had joined in a grand jubilee chorus, or *sængerfest.*

535 Standing in the center of the big, primitive music hall, and
dancing by squatting slightly without lifting the feet, the savage chorus bellowed and roared with a powerful tremulo and
533 a mighty crescendo. They mimicked the bass *onca! onca!* of the
825 jaguar; they barked, howled, yelped and horned in imitation
151 of the wild dogs and foxes; they laughed like hyenas; whistled
like the tapir; grunted, scolded and squealed like the wild hogs; bleated like the deer; squeaked like the capibara; twanged a guitar, like the inhahuma; chirped, piped and bellowed in imitation of all the frogs and toads; roared, or howled, hoarsely and stridently, like monkeys singing their morning anthem; honked like the giant crane; chattered and screamed loudly,

like the parrots; hooted, squaked and peeped, mimicking the 533
notes of various other families of birds; snorted, wheezed, 825
growled and hissed. The irrational world nightly chants its 151
bakororó, Why may not these human denizens of the wilds
also chant theirs? Hearing this tumult of wild, discordant
sounds and confused noises, especially under the circumstances
which we did and in such a savage locality, was like experiencing
a strange, uncanny nightmare, which could not fail to
make impressions upon the mind that will remain vivid while
life endures.

This *bakororó* is always sung on the vesper of a hunting 533
expedition, and seems to be in honor of the animal the savages [224]
intend to hunt the following day. They do not appear to articulate
words in this wild uproar; or if they do, it is merely a
constant repetition of a very few words only. The *bakororó* [574]
is also sung in honor of visitors. Savages observe time only
in their music, ignoring harmony and tune.

After the singing of the *bakororó* that I witnessed, all the 532
savages went outside the great hut, where they cleared a space 224
of black ground, then formed animals in relief with ashes, 825
especially the figure of the tapir, which they purposed to hunt
the next day. The proportions were good of the animals of
their world; but when they tried to form a horse and rider, the
result was a monstrosity, for the horse is a new animal to
them. They greatly admire hunting with horses and dogs, as
well they may, since by their method of hunting they must
pursue an animal on foot for hours at full speed. The forming
of animals in relief seems to be also in honor of these animals.

It was very interesting to observe how childlike these prim- 000
itive people are, and in how many ways they resemble the
irrational creatures of their world. Though they have the
bodies of strong, well-developed men and women, they give
abundant evidence that they have the mind only of a child.
Their language is rude and very limited, and without language
man cannot think and reason, and his mind remains in an
untutored, infantile state.

In common with the wild beasts, the wild man obtains his

680 food largely, or wholly, from uncultivated, unsubdued Nature, consuming much of it in a raw state; and instead of mastering Nature, Nature crushes him. Again, like the brutes, he scours forest and field to satisfy only for to-day the hunger of himself and his little brood, with no thought for to-morrow; and having secured an abundance of game, he eats enormously, then lies down contentedly to sleep, and rises up to play, until hunger again drives him forth in search of prey. Once more like his irrational neighbors, the object of his existence, apparently, is not to possess houses and lands and goods, but simply to have a mate, food for the moment, and to pass his days in childish amusements. When the sun is hot, he sleeps, or instinctively seeks the water that he may play in it and cool himself; when night comes, he arouses himself and sings his *bakuroró* in common with all the frogs and toads, and other creatures. Lastly, like the wild animals, he is clothed only as Nature clothes him.

462 Imitating Nature, the social economy of these primitive people is, in important respects, the reverse of Christian civilization. Like irrational nature, the female is the principal, or most responsible food provider for the little family, or brood—[301] not the male. Again, like the female in Nature, and unlike Christian civilization, the female does not adorn herself, nor sing or play; while the male, on the other hand, peacock-like, decorating his person, makes himself gorgeous and struts about in a lordly manner; and besides, like the male in Nature, produces all the music. Once more, the female performs all the heavy work and the drudgery, and is the servant and slave of her mate, while the light and fancy work, including ornament making, is done by the male. Woman in all ages and lands from the dawn of time, has occupied herself exclusively in the pursuits of peace. More gentle, affectionate and domestic in her nature than the man, she has remained by the fireside collecting and preparing fruit and vegetable foods without destroying life, making pots and pans and other necessary household utensils, preparing implements of husbandry and tilling the soil, loving peace, and reproducing and nourishing

462 her specie. While the man, on the contrary, fierce and warlike in his nature, has busied himself from time immemorial making deadly weapons, fighting and slaughtering. The woman was the first farmer, the first miller, the first potter and basket maker, the first dressmaker and tailor, the first beast of burden, and some men think the first ecclesiastic; while the man was the first murderer.

222 [482] [854] Every morning, small parties of Bororó females, unarmed, may be seen going forth in various directions with huge baskets on their backs, suspended by bark straps from their foreheads, to explore jungle and forest in search of fruits and vegetables, many of them reaching out eight or ten miles from home, and returning late in the day carrying one hundred fifty or more pounds of goose-egg cocoanuts, hearts of dwarf palms, wild potatoes, and other food material, and perhaps also, transporting a child three or four years old which sits in the loop of a bark strap that passes over the mother's shoulders. If the man should return, empty handed, from a hunting or fishing expedition, he nevertheless requires, Esau-like, that at least a "mess of pottage" should await him.

582 584 839 The Bororó female is betrothed, or, more correctly, is contracted for in infancy, and married when she reaches the age of ten or twelve years. If she is not married, or at least spoken for, ere she reaches the age of twelve or fourteen years, she will be seized, unawares, some day, dragged to the great hut, and forced to become a victim to the lusts of all the men of the village. It is a terrible ordeal for the poor, helpless creature, and she is nearly, if not altogether done to death at times. Her parents, though they may grieve for her, do not, or dare not, attempt to rescue her. Her assailants will not enter the parental hut to take her. They have, evidently, some idea of the sanctity, or the inviolability of the private residence. But they catch her by stealth when she is outside the family hut. [584] Because of this hideous custom, parents earnestly desire that their daughters should at least be contracted for when still very young. I was told that they are often contracted for when but a few days, or a few months old.

584 The betrothal is consummated by the bridegroom-to-be,
depositing at the entrance to the hut of the parents of the baby
girl whom he desires shall one day become his wife, some much-
prized game that he has had the "good luck" to capture. The
parents of course learn, either directly or indirectly, what his
wishes are in making them this valuable present; and if they
do not object to the nuptials, their little daughter is reserved
585 for him. Again, some day, after the child has reached the age
of ten or twelve years, the groom-to-be deposits at the en-
trance to her hut a highly prized fish or animal which he has
had the good fortune to capture, then retires to his own hut.
The father of the little maid now takes her by the wrist—
always the wrist—conducts her to the entrance of the hut
of her betrothed husband and delivers her to him, and she
becomes his lawful, wedded wife without further ceremony.
582 He may be forty or fifty years of age, and have already a wife
554 and married children, though, nevertheless, allowed to have
595 two wives because he has slain the jaguar, or performed some
other feat of valor, or because he is a captain, having passed
middle life.

616 The inhabitants of every Bororó village are divided into two groups, called the *Sheraidi*, and the *Ta Nagarêda*, and a man is not permitted to take a wife from his own division, so must go to the other party for one. It is said that the Bororó tribe as it now exists is composed of two tribes that joined fortunes long ago, and that this is the origin of the *Sheraidi* and *Ta Nagarêda* divisions. But I doubt if this is true, for a similar social arrangement exists among other tribes. The Bororó have a tradition that centuries ago the *Sheraidi* possessed everything that the *braidi*—white man—now possesses, such as axes, hoes, knives, but that a calamity befell them because they had these things, so they forsook them. Perhaps the tribe was once in touch with the Inca civilization of the Andean slope.

222 After marriage, the Bororó child-wife may be seen with a
595 small basket upon her back, suspended as usual by a bark strap
from the forehead, accompanying her old husband's senior

wife, as they roam the forest day after day in quest of fruits 595
and vegetables, or industriously assisting in the preparation of [222]
the food at the family hut. Or, if her *old man* should be fond [593]
of her, she may be seen accompanying him at times and amusing herself in a childish way.

The Bororó word for man, or men, that is, Bororó men, is 562
mêdo, from *meri*, the sun, signifying, son of the sun; while the 821
word for woman or women, is *arêda*, from *ari*, the moon, signifying, daughter of the moon. This indicates the inferiority of the woman to the man in their thoughts. The man is the great light, while the woman is only a weak, inferior reflection of her husband. Nevertheless, the Bororó admire and worship the moon, and on a bright moonlight night a large group of them may be seen sitting quietly outside the great hut mutely adoring the queen of night.

The *arêda* does not appear to have any independent rights 562
of citizenship in the tribe, existing solely in her husband and 593
for his benefit and pleasure. Hence, "woman's suffrage" is not
even dreamed of in these primitive societies. The *arêda* is kept
in complete subjection to her man through fear of the *bopi*, and [839]
of the public brothel in the great hut; for if she displeases him, [626]
he has but to say the word and she will be dragged to the
brothel and assaulted by all the *mêdo* of the village. Widows, 589
or women whose husbands have abandoned them, become 548
prostitutes, for a time, at least, or until remarried.

The customs of this tribe forbid that their children should 844
be born within the village. Therefore, when the prospective mother begins to feel the pains of maturity, she betakes herself to a secluded spot in the jungle, where she remains until she brings forth. Then she returns home, or is led back by female friends who go in search of her. Like a beast, the primitive woman needs no attendant at this supreme moment of her existence, and is about her daily occupations again without the
loss of an hour. It is not uncommon to see Bororó children, 862
especially female children, nursing until they are six or seven years of age; so large, indeed, that they can stand upon the
ground and nurse while the mother remains standing. Smaller 853

853 children climb the mother's leg to nurse. She does not appear
to take any more notice of her child at such times than does a
162 mother goat her kid. Bororó families are small. I did not see
a mother with more than three children. The *mêdo* are usually
593 faithful to their wives; that is, they seldom desert them,
586 especially if they have children. At rare intervals, one becomes
dissatisfied with his *arêda* and drives her from his hut, then
leaving home himself, goes to reside in some other village of
the tribe.

578 Fights between two *mêdo* are not uncommon, owing, nearly
always, to one meddling with the *arêda* of the other. The fight
is precipitated by the outraged husband, as he perhaps sits at
work in his hut, beginning to express his opinion of the other
mêdo, and to hurl at him offensive epithets. The other *medo*,
sitting in his hut at the opposite side of the cluster of huts,
responds loudly with interest. As they become more and more
enraged, they challenge each other to fight, prepare themselves
and come out of their huts, and finally meet on the village play-
ground; and every *mêdo*, *arêda*, and *naragêdo*—child—in the
local horde abandons at once every occupation and forms a
circle around the combatants, for an event of this kind is con-
sidered the finest kind of sport and not to be missed on any
account. This is a go-as-you-please encounter; there are no
rules, except that the dualists do not use deadly weapons. So
they roll and tumble, and kick, and punch, and bite, and scratch
one another, having the poisonous spine of the fish called sting-
ray, armed to their little fingers, and bellow and roar contin-
ually, like fiends. Their powers of endurance are marvelous,
and the combat often continues many hours. Finally, one is
vanquished, and he leaves the village and the *arêda* in question
to the victor, and takes up his residence in a distant village of
[674] the tribe. The Bororó rarely murder one another.

142 The Bororó women are nearly as large and scarcely less
147 muscular than the men, and can carry heavy loads great dis-
tances, having been inured to this from childhood. When a
484 family moves from one village to another, or goes forth on a
482 two or three months' hunting and fishing expedition during the
462

dry season, the *arêda* carries all the family effects, and perhaps 484
also a child four or five years old, while her lord marches a few [482]
paces in advance of her, carrying only his bow and arrows, and [462]
perhaps also a fire-brand. The party makes but short marches,
however, halting frequently to rest for an hour or two around [264]
the little fire which they always kindle, and to roast and eat a bit of meat, if they should have it, or to nibble some vegetable food.

Some of the Rio Negro savages, mentioned by Wallace, 000
subject their females to a terrible ordeal when they approach womanhood. At the first sign of puberty, the poor, innocent maiden is placed in seclusion in the family hut where she is kept a month and allowed only a small quantity of one kind of food, and water, as if she had committed a crime. When the time of her imprisonment is about to end, all the relatives and friends of the family are assembled, each of whom brings a yard or two of the stalk of a heavy climbing plant to use as a lash. The unhappy girl is now brought into their presence, entirely naked, and each and every person strikes her five or six heavy blows across the back and breast with his lash. Usually, she falls unconscious under this awful castigation, and sometimes dies. If she recovers, the flogging is repeated four or five times at intervals of about six hours. Each guest must strike hard, for it is considered an insult to the parents of the victim not to do so. Finally, when the castigation terminates, pots of various kinds of fish and game which have been prepared, are set before the company, into which each person dips his lash and passes it to the wretched girl to lick. She is now considered a woman, and may eat anything she wishes, or marry. Boys approaching manhood are subject to a somewhat similar ordeal, but not so severe, which initiates them into man's estate and allows them to witness the playing of the mystery instruments, which correspond to the roarer among the Bororó, and also to marry.

Among these savages, marriages seldom occur between relatives or near neighbors, but the swain seeks a wife at a distant village of his tribe, or even from another tribe. Having

000 fixed upon a maiden, though without her knowledge, his father sends a message to the girl's father, saying that he with his son and relatives will visit him shortly. The recipient of this message readily surmises the object of the visit, and if the prospective marriage is agreeable to him, makes preparations for a grand festival. Finally, after the festivities have lasted two or three days, the bridegroom's party suddenly seize the maiden in question, hurry her away to their canoes and disappear, as if they had kidnapped her. But no attempt is made to prevent this act, or to pursue the apparently fleeing party, and the girl is henceforth regarded as married.

Some other tribes test the skill of their young men in archery before allowing them to marry; and if one does not prove to be a good marksman, the maiden whose hand he seeks refuses him on the ground that he has not the skill to shoot fish and game enough to sustain a family.

553 Resuming our story of life among the Bororó: A very interesting naming, initiation, or naturalization ceremony, suggesting a Romish baptism, is observed for all male children while still in early babyhood. Early in the morning, at the first [302] token of the approach of the "supreme power," the family and [304] friends of the little one, whose body has been decorated by smearing it with gum and coating it with crimson and white feathers, accompanied by a conjurer, take up a position on the highest ground in the vicinity of the village; and at the *meri rutu*—sun rising—as the "supreme majesty and power" sweeps upward from behind forest and hill, bathing the earth in its glorious light, the conjurer pierces the lower lip of the embryo warrior with a long, sharp, bone-pointed instrument, made especially for the occasion, and beautifully ornamented with many-colored feathers, at the same time pronouncing, *Piadudu*, or the name of some other animal or object the name of which the child is to bear. *Piadudu*, softly repeat the family and friends; so *Piadudu*—humming-bird—a favorite name, becomes the name of the child. [551] The Bororó, like most savages, regard their names as deep secrets for religious or other reasons, refusing to reveal them to any person not a member of

their tribe, and always responding *parduku?*—I do not know, 551
who does?—when asked their names. This *baptismal* ceremony 553
is not performed for a female child.

They love their children, whether boys or girls, and are kind 855
to them. Very little parental restraint seems to be exercised
over them; and they are allowed to roam about and occupy
themselves entirely as their own wills may suggest. Parents [841]
seldom or never whip their children. But if a father should
whip his child, it is regarded as abandoned thereafter, and is [597]
adopted by relatives.

The Bororó are remarkable whistlers, and seem able by 198
this means to communicate with one another at a distance with
surprising fullness and clearness. Observing them, I noticed, 516
moreover, that when one of them wished to take anything
from the ground, he did not stoop and grasp it with the hand,
but instead, took it up with the toes, passing it from the foot
to the hand.

They have no words for higher numbers than three or four; 802
therefore, to indicate five, they raise one hand and display the fingers and thumb; for ten, they elevate both hands, displaying all the fingers and thumbs; and for twenty, they elevate both hands, droop them for an instant toward the toes, then again raise them, saying by this act, twenty. To convey the idea of a large number, the hand is given a horizontal swing, pointing to the trees of the surrounding forest, which act means to say, "as numerous as the trees of the forest." Or, if the primitive man should be standing on the sand banks by the river, he will take up a handful of sand, and, with a sweep of the hand, scatter it to the wind, saying by this act, "as numberless as the sands."

One day, I saw a loaf of palm-nut bread delivered to a *mèdo* [262]
at the entrance to the great hut, which he was to divide among several of his fellows. I was curious to observe how he would divide it, in view of the fact that he could not count. First, he cut in into halves, then looked thoughtfully at his companions as if calculating how to get an equal portion for each one. Then he quartered it and again looked deliberately around.

802 Next, he divided the quarters and again glanced carefully about him; and so continued until he had an equal portion for twelve or fifteen men, not forgetting to reserve a good hunk for himself.

805 To calculate time, the moon comes to their aid. It is their
821 great natural calendar, as it has been for all the peoples of the earth from the earliest age.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RELIGION—REVOLTING FUNERAL RITES. 000

SOME of the savage hordes of South America are cannibals. They feast upon their enemies with great pomp and ceremony, even rearing from infancy the offspring of the enemy in order that he may become, when full grown, the material for a grand, human barbecue. These cannibal banquets are "the religion, pride and joy of the Brazilian savage * * * the triumph of the captor, and an expiatory sacrifice to the spirits of their brethren who have been slain." A few tribes have, in times of famine, devoured their own aged and helpless ones; while in still other tribes, the children have eaten their aged parents, believing that in consuming and assimilating their bodies they honor them and perpetuate their existence—a crude form of the doctrine of transmigration of spirits. Other tribes, again, cut off the heads of their enemies, and embalm them by filling them with hot sand, and shrinking them until they are about the size of a grapefruit, preserving perfectly the form and features. Large sums of money have been paid by collectors for these ghastly trophies, which has doubtless inspired the head hunters with greater zeal. Some tribes are notorious for the revolting practice of abortion, which is brutally effected by jumping on the abdomen of the victim.

Religion, "the conception of the infinite," as Max Müller defines it,—the fixed belief that a world of spirits exists, which, though encompassing men in the flesh and pervading natural objects, yet is hidden from human eyes—occupies a supreme 771

771 place in the thoughts and doings of the Bororó as it does in the
000 minds of all the peoples of the earth. Elucidating further, Prof. O. T. Mason says that, "In a general sense, religion is the sum of what is thought or believed about a spirit world and what is done in consequence of such thinking. What is thought about such a world constitutes *creed*, what is done or what a people does under its inspiration constitutes the *cult*. The *creed* and the *cult* together form the religion of any individual or people."

771 The religion of the Bororó is expressed chiefly by an elab-
775 orate system of diabolical rites and ceremonies for the placa-
782 tion of disembodied souls, or spirits, which they call *bopi*—demons; and a funeral is the occasion for the greatest display
764 of the savage ritual, or *cult*. It is a great *musical* pandemonium, savage dirge, or hell's concert; or a sort of wild man's opera or tragic play, enacted by a primitive male quartette, mixed chorus and orchestra, and lasts several days and nights, first with the body present, and a week later, with the bones present.

763 When a member of the tribe becomes so ill that the family
755 begins to fear for his life, one of the tribal priests, or sorcerers,
756 is summoned to his hut where he lies naked on a palm-leaf mat spread upon the ground, to declare whether he will live or die. This primitive ecclesiastic may think, inspired with wicked cunning, that the sick one will die naturally within a certain number of days. Or, he may hold a grudge against the stricken man, and may consider this a good opportunity to balance accounts. So, in announcing to the family the number of days the patient will live, he mentally resolves that if death should not occur naturally at the time he shall name, he will see to it that it occurs, nevertheless, in some other way. Or, again, he may feel that life in the village has long been very dull and monotonous, and that there is immediate and urgent need of a social function or festival of some kind; and what could be more entertaining to the savage public than a good funeral *bakororó!* In this case, also, he will see to it that the victim dies at the time he indicates. In any event, he will take steps to have his predictions "come true" to the letter, in

order to maintain his prestige and reputation. He informs the 763
anxious and waiting family of the number of days their loved 755
one has to live by touching that number of fingers on his 956
uplifted hand, and each time he touches a finger, repeating the [802]
word, "*meri, meri, meri, meri, meri, by,*"—sun, sun, sun, sun, sun, die,—meaning that the patient will see five suns—five days—then die. Or, the conjurer may say, "*nodua, nodua, nodua, nodua, nodua, by,*"—sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, die,—meaning that the sick one will sleep, or pass five more nights, then die. If, at the end of this time, he still lives, the executioner, sent of course by the sorcerer, will suddenly enter his hut, sit astride of him on his stomach, and strangle him until he is dead. The grief-stricken family may stand about moaning and crying, but will offer no resistance.

When a Bororó has been summoned from his earthly *bai*— 764
naturally or otherwise—to wander with the demons in their world of sadness and gloom, whether the event occur at meridian or at midnight, the body is immediately rolled up in the palm-leaf mat which has served as a bed during life, and borne to the great hut where the elaborate funeral ceremonies, or *bakororó*, are at once inaugurated. At the head of the corpse
stands a quartette of big, burly and entirely nude savages, of [302]
terrible visages, having their bodies besmeared from head to [301]
foot with black slush, their heads decorated with large fans of [534]
brilliant feathers representing the rising or setting sun, and holding in their hands gourd-shell rattles larger than a quart measure. These lead the medley of uncouth, blood-curdling noises, uttering constantly a loud, deep, prolonged, growling, roaring, bellowing, diabolical moan,—hee-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah, squatting slightly with each wail of woe, and shaking the huge rattles held in each hand. Behind these four "children of the sun," stands a group of female savages, who howl and wail, mutter, moan and shriek an accompaniment, meanwhile not forgetting to fan off the flies that light on the bodies of the male quartette in front of them. The remaining inhabitants of the village, except the family of the deceased, group themselves on both sides of the

764 quartette and chorus, the men usually sitting cross-legged on
palm-leaf mats on the ground, and the women standing. The
male members of these outer groups are the orchestra, or
band, composed of four or more pieces, in the manipulation of
which the primitive musicians relieve one another from time
764 to time. These instruments are of two kinds only, and of
534 native manufacture. One kind is a sort of bass flute forty
inches long and three inches thick in the outer half. It is
made by splitting and hollowing a sapling, then binding the
halves together into a rough tube by winding them from end
to end with long strips of bark. The upper half of the instrument is but an inch or so in diameter. The second instrument
is a sort of trumpet, made by gouging large openings in each
end of several oblong calabash shells, five inches in diameter,
and gumming them together, end to end, with beeswax. But
one note can be produced with each instrument. The flute
emits a snorting, snoring sound, the trumpet a barking, roaring, groaning, diapason note.

764 On one side of the corpse—which, at the rites I witnessed,
785 was that of a child seven years old—crouched the bereaved
father and brothers, who moaned, muttered and lamented continually in low tones. On the opposite side, kneeled the
mother, sitting on her heels, her body completely besmeared
with blood from having been slashed from head to foot with
sharp-edged shells, while behind her crouched another female
who, having first rubbed ashes into her scalp, slowly jerked
out her hair, consuming five or six hours in the operation. At
the same time, the poor, tortured creature wailed and moaned,
and uttered lamentations, and jibbered and muttered, reciting
the virtues of her beloved child. Meanwhile, female relatives
[302] and friends of the stricken family, placing, each in turn, a foot
upon the corpse, slashed their legs and arms scores of times,
and sometimes their entire bodies, with jagged-edged shells—
reminding one of the priests of Baal—and daubed their bodies
from head to foot with a black substance, made chiefly from
the genipapa fruit, all the while moaning, muttering and
chanting. They do not intend to cut themselves more than

8: Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909 SP8 Bororo SP8

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Camping in the Matto Grosso Wilds.

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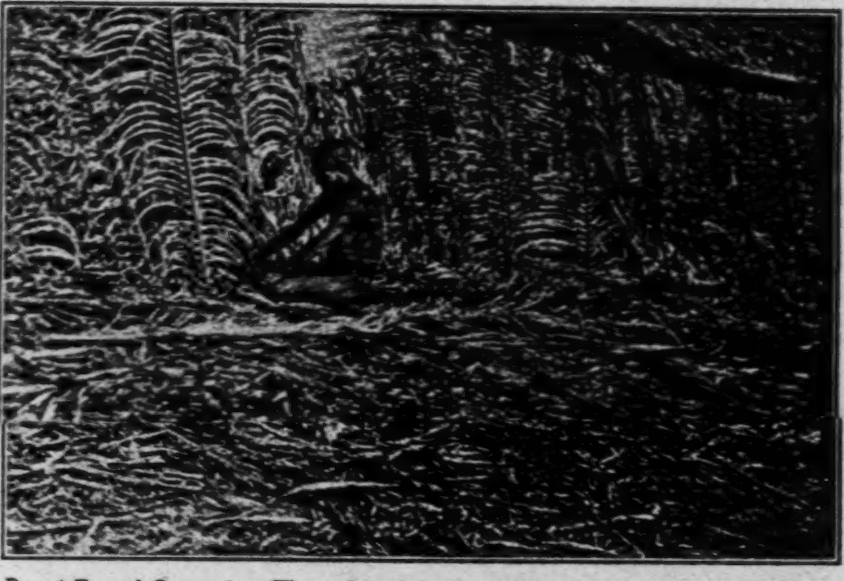

Bororó Funeral Ceremonies. The mother of the deceased, her hair jerked out and her body slashed from head to foot, is chanting just outside the great hut.

Facing 398]

skin deep, but now and then they accidentally cut deep and 764
bleed profusely. The reader will have observed that the males 785
do not cut themselves, nor pluck out their hair. They are [562]
careful not to injure themselves. It is only the nearest female
relative of the deceased that has her hair jerked out.

Witnessing these hideous, uncanny and revolting scenes 000
of savagery, in the sickening atmosphere and dismal gloom of
the great hut, and listening to the pandemoniacal uproar or
medley of infernal noises, one could well imagine that he had
somehow been cast into the dungeons of the damned, and was
hearing their shrieks, and wails, and moans of unspeakable
anguish and despair. While this hideous drama, that only
savage tragedians are capable of interpreting, was being enacted,
and pandemonium was singing and playing its hellish
hymns, and saying its mass, in this cavernous place; outside,
a tropical sun was silently inundating the earth with its glorious
effulgence, and all Nature, arrayed more beautifully than
Solomon in all his glory, sang for joy.

The first part of this horrid nightmare within the great hut 764
with the body present, continues night and day without intermission,
until the first sunset after death; then, as the king of
light sinks slowly and majestically behind the western wilderness,
and the shadows of night begin to gather, symbolical of
the closing forever of life's bright, happy day, and the ushering
in of the black, sad, hopeless night of the invisible world, the
savage choir, chorus and orchestra become hushed; and the
enwrapped remains are borne solemnly to the public playground
just outside the great hut, placed on top of the ground
and covered by a little mound of earth. Here the body lies for 765
a week or more in order that the flesh may decay and separate
from the bones. Each evening during this time, at the *meri decódu*—the
setting of the sun—as the prince of day resigns the [533]
earth to the rule of night, the sorrowing family and sympathizing [775]
friends, gather around the sacred mound, and with their
faces turned toward the dying light, murmur a low, mournful
chant, pleading the virtues of the lost one, and perhaps also
recommending him to the good offices of the "supreme power"

765 —the sun—or to the protection of the great *bopi* who are be-
533 lieved to dwell in the sun, the shade of their dear one, who,
775 being "wicked" and "bad," is doomed to wander forever in the regions of darkness and despair, and to plot evil against men in the flesh. During the week, too, water is occasionally thrown upon the mound to hasten the decay of the corpse. I was told that the savages also churn the mound, but did not see them do this. During the week, also, the family of the deceased crouch frequently in their gloomy abode, and mutter, moan and wail.

A week having elapsed since burial, the time came to disinter the putrefying remains and prepare for the second part of the obsequies with the bones present. The day preceding this event was again a gala day in the city of savagery. During the entire forenoon, a kind of *bakororó* was held in the great hut, but no female of the tribe assisted at these doings.
533 During nearly the entire day, too, the forest in the vicinity of the village reverberated with insane sounds and infernal noises, for groups of savages perambulated the wilds, back and forth, swinging the roarer—which will be described later—which emitted a variety of unearthly shrieks and sepulchral moans. It seemed as if the demons of the pit were out for a holiday
534 and holding a picnic in the woods. Within the great hut, during the afternoon, peculiar whistles, beautifully adorned with feathers, were sounded at intervals to call the *bopi*, while one
775 of the savages was chosen to represent the soul of the de-
292 parted. He was rigged up in a skirt made of long, slender palm-leaves hung to a belt, and a cloak and a veil of the same material, and made in the same way, while his head was adorned with a large fan made of the long, brilliant tail-feathers of the macaw. He was accompanied by two adjutants with big, gourd-shell rattles in their hands, who stood, one behind, the other in front of him. First, the trio danced up
535 and down within the great hut, sidewise, crab-like, with legs rigid. It seems to be a sort of ecstatic or devil-dance, and is continued until the participants appear to have cramps in their legs. During this performance, armed sentries guard the

entrances to the savage hall. Meanwhile, stepping outside the 765 great hut, I saw, crouching close to the wall of the hut, the mother of the recently deceased, weeping, wailing and jibbering in a low, squeaky voice which was almost gone, her body emaciated, covered with gashes and besmeared with blood. She was a most pitiable appearing creature. How cruel are the customs of savagery!

The soul representative and his adjutants next danced and jerked themselves outside the great hut into the open air, then to the public playground on the edge of the village. Here, 765 the trio, totally exhausted, sat on the ground, while an assist- 775 ant proceeded to call the *bopi* in the persons of a few of his fellow savages who were to represent them, or act as the materialization of the demons. Standing in the center of the *ring*, he beckons and calls, offering perhaps a bit of tobacco to induce a few men to volunteer, while the remaining males of the village—for only the males participate in this part of the funeral rites—stand scattered about in the coarse grass and among the scraggy trees beyond the *ring*. At length, a savage offers to represent the *bopi* by dropping on all fours and beginning to creep very slowly toward the caller, or ringmaster, uttering constantly abdominal squeaks, in imitation, perhaps, of the note of the tapir, or of the wild pig. Approaching the center of the ring, he springs up suddenly on his *hind feet*, and with upraised arms rushes to the caller, where he takes his stand upon a spot prepared for him. Another and another volunteers in the same way until five *bopi* representatives are in line in the center of the ring. Balls of clay mud are now [302] produced and the five *bopi* impersonators are painted drab from head to foot, black rings are marked around their eyes, the black figure of a serpent is sketched coiled around the body of one or two, and a quantity of mud is massed into their hair.

The caller now places himself in the path leading to the village, and beckons and calls as before, and the *bopi* representatives again drop on all fours and begin to creep very slowly toward him, emitting continuously their weird notes.

765 775 At the same time, the remainder of the savage band break forth instantly into a wild uproar, yelling and screaming, throwing up their hands, dancing and jumping in their mad, though mock efforts to drive the *bopi* into the village, suggesting a squad of men and boys trying to drive a herd of obstinate hogs. Suddenly, a horrible shriek rends the air just in advance of the materialized *bopi*. This appears to frighten them, for they turn and begin to creep away from the village. The drivers now become still more frantic, yelling and shrieking, bellowing, chattering and jumping fiercely. Soon, however, the *bopi* are again headed toward the village; and entering the path, all spring up suddenly on their *hind feet*, mount their horses—fellow savages—gallop into the village, dismount, and crouch around the mound where the body lies buried, and claw the earth slightly, as if about to unearth the remains. They now quietly retire, their part in the savage rites having ended for the day.

The soul representative, who had re-entered the village in
[789] advance of the *bopi* representatives, now seated himself astride of the grave, and the father of the deceased having crouched beside him, he performed over him some enchantments to route any evil spirit that might be threatening him, or to make him invulnerable to their assaults. This he did making passes over the bereaved man's head, and muttering and blowing in his mouth, nose and ears. Following this, the soul representative deposited all his rigging on the mound save the *pariko*, or fan of brilliant feathers that adorned his head.

765 768 We now witnessed the ceremony of the transference of the personal effects of the deceased from this world to the spirit world, for the Bororó, in their peculiar way, believe firmly in "laying up treasures in heaven." A fire was kindled, around which the soul representative, accompanied by an adjutant, danced sidewise, stiff-legged, while each article that had belonged to the deceased was passed by the father to the adjutant, who, in turn, handed them to the soul representative, who cast them one by one into the fire until all were consumed. They were only a few dirty toys, some rude ornaments made

of feathers, or of the teeth and claws of beasts, and one or two 765
articles of wearing apparel made of bark. To us, they were 768
merely a heap of rubbish, but to the poor natives, precious
treasures. Having vanished in flame, the effects were considered [775]
transferred to the invisible world, and so *transubstantiated*
that they could be of service to the newly arrived
shade, or *bopi*.

One reason that the Bororó give for burning the belongings of the deceased is, that if they were allowed to remain in the hut, the family, constantly reminded by them of their lost ones, would be weeping, wailing and uttering lamentations continually, for it is their custom to cry and jibber loudly
whenever anything revives the memory of their dead. Another [775]
reason for burning the effects is, that if they should not
be burned, and hence not transferred to the shadow land, the
soul would return to haunt and injure the family.

It was now about sunset, and the ceremonies of the day 765
being concluded, all the men seated themselves cross-legged upon mats in two groups just outside the great hut, and a primitive banquet, or collation, was served. The banquet always forms an important part of every social function among savages.—Indeed, a social function among them is inconceivable without it. But do not banquets, suppers and buffet lunches constitute an important part, if not the most important part, of social events among civilized men? Yet civilized men do not usually have a banquet at a funeral, with the decomposing corpse lying but a few yards in front of them.

The chief items on the menu at this savage banquet were 765
big clay potfuls of a kind of broth made of a starchy liquid 262
wrung from the spongy stems of a dwarf palm and mixed with a sauce made from the yellow, insipid fruit of the burity-palm, called *pyky* (peekee), *pyky* eaten raw, three kinds of wild potatoes, boiled or baked in the ashes, and a sort of cocoanut bread made by pulverizing in a mortar the meats of palmnuts and baking the mass in the ashes. There were no condiments. As each pot or tray of food appeared, a cheer was given by the group for whom it was intended.

765 That same night, at the midnight hour, while the village
slept, the decomposing remains were lifted, supposedly by the
bopi, or by men acting secretly under their orders, for no one
is supposed to know the ghouls. They may be appointed by
the sorcerer, or by the captains; or are volunteers as heretofore
indicated. These men lift the fetid mass by means of the
pole that passes inside the roll and protrudes from each end
of the mound, carry it to the river and clear the bones of the
flesh as best they can; then packing the bones in a basket,
deposit them in the great hut, where they are found when the
village awakes at dawn, ready for the final ceremonies. At the
[239] funeral rites I witnessed, the skull had been kept separate from
the rest of the bones, and resting on a palm-leaf tray, partly
buried in white down, was being overlaid with bright feathers,
plucked from the breast of the macaw, while the *bakororó* was
being sung. As the deceased was the little daughter of one of
the chief men, the remains were treated with special honors.

At the *méri rútu*—the birth of the sun—the following morning,
[533] the demoniacal din and tumult of the savage choir, chorus
[785] and orchestra, as of a hundred wild beasts in deadly combat,
was again unchained in the gloomy interior of the great hut;
[302] and the female relatives and friends of the departed burst forth
anew with loud lamentations, and wept, wailed and muttered,
and vociferated like the laughter of hyenas, and slashed their
bodies afresh with jagged edged shells until they were daubed
with gore, and again smeared themselves with the black slush.
These fearsome and sickening scenes, and smells, and sounds,
especially when witnessed at night in the sepulchral darkness
that reigned within the great hut, could not fail to powerfully
affect one who had never before listened to a hallelujah chorus
in hell, and to make impressions upon the mind that can
never be effaced.

[226] The second part of the funeral *bakororó*, or ceremony, with
the bones present, may continue without a recess for two or
three days and nights, with the exception, perhaps, of one
intermission of eight or ten hours for a fishing expedition, the
primitive tragedians relieving one another from time to time.

Brazil.

When the immediate family of the deceased have howled, 765
wailed and chanted until they can scarcely articulate, they [271]
drink clay water, asserting that this relieves the throat
somewhat.

Finally, I saw the basket of bones taken by the mother of
the deceased, and buried in the little cemetery two or three [775]
miles from the village, where, it was believed, the *bopi* would
take possession of them in a few weeks. The sorcerer is believed to know when the *bopi* removes the bones.

A day or two after the conclusion of the funeral rites I witnessed, the father of the deceased, sent by the village authorities, disinterred the basket of bones and brought it back
to the great hut. Three of the chief men from a distant village [574]
had arrived on a visit, whom it was necessary to receive with
honors and entertain with the best festival the village could get up. And what could equal for entertainment a good funeral *bakororó?* But how could they have a funeral *bakororó* without a corpse, or at least the bones? As soon as the basket of bones was again brought into the great hut, pandemonium was once more in session, and the rattling, roaring, groaning, squatting, snorting, barking, weeping and wailing continued all the rest of the day and all night. At daybreak, the following morning, an intermission was taken in order that the players and actors in this savage drama might go fishing. They fished and hunted all day that they might have something to feast upon, for, of course, a *bakororó* without a banquet would scarcely be a *bakororó*. But when the darkness of night again enshrouded the land, the hideous uproar of the savage horde again burst upon our ears and did violence to the peace and tranquillity of the night until the dawn, when it was once more hushed, and the basket of bones was again entombed.

Some of the Indians of the Rio Negro, hereinbefore men- 000
tioned, a score or two of families of whom live in one immense hut,—a primitive "flat,"—always bury their dead inside this hut under a few inches of earth, depositing the tobacco, ornaments and trinkets of the deceased in the grave with him. Some days after burial, a large quantity of fermented liquor is

600 prepared, and all the relatives and friends of the bereaved family are called together to mourn for the dead and to dance, sing and wail to his memory. The largest of these human hives have had more than one hundred graves in them; but where the hut is small, or becomes crowded with graves, interments are made just outside.

It is the custom of yet other tribes to disinter the corpse a month after burial, when it has reached an advanced state of decay, put it into a great pan, or oven, over the fire, and roast it until all the volatile substances are driven off, which operation fills the savage family hotel with the most dreadful stench. At length, nothing remains but a black, carbonaceous mass, which is pounded until reduced to a fine powder, then mixed in several large, wooden troughs of fermented liquor, and drank by the assembly of mourners until all is consumed. The savages believe that in this way the virtues of the deceased are transmitted to all who drink of this revolting beverage.

Chapter XXXV.

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THE SORCERERS.—EXORCISING AND FRIGHTENING AWAY DEMONS.—THE MYSTERY INSTRUMENTS.

The souls of the departed are believed by the Bororó to 775 dwell, for a time at least, in the bodies of certain fish and 825 mammals. But they do not appear to identify the disembodied soul—*bopi*—with the creature it inhabits, as do those people who believe in what is known as "transmigration of the soul." The Bororó soul is simply a tenant in the body of the creature it inhabits, maintaining a separate, independent existence, and continuing forever, supposedly, without any change occurring in its personality or character; though it is doomed to suffer evictions everlastingly from its temporary fleshly abodes at the hands of the conjurer, or because of the natural death and destruction of the body of the creature it lives in. The Bororó say that the moment a newly disembodied spirit—the soul of a member of their tribe who has just died—enters the body of some creature, the bones of the soul's former self disappear from the cemetery. The evil-minded sorcerer, doubtless, is responsible for the disappearance of the bones—if they really disappear. The Bororó do not think that every wild creature is tenanted by some wandering *bopi*—soul—but only those that bear unusual markings, such as especially bright colors, or are very large, or have some other peculiarity. They much admire a fish called [262] *dourada* by the Brazilians, part of the body of which is a bright,

775 golden color, and like to think that the spirits of their beloved
825 dead dwell in the bodies of these fish. Nevertheless, they
262 catch them in large numbers and eat them, believing that only
the unusual individuals are inhabited by a *bopi*. But while
775 they do not think that all the fish of any specie shelter lost
825 souls in their bodies, they do think, seemingly, that every tapir,
262 and every wild pig, and every alligator, and possibly every
756 member of some other family of animals, shelters the shade
789 of one or another of their departed tribesmen; and they never
kill one of these creatures when a sorcerer is not within reach
to exorcise the soul, for they dare not under any circumstances
eat the flesh of such a creature until the sorcerer has cast out
the soul. They believe that if they should eat of it, they would
surely die. Doubtless the sorcerer would see to it that death
resulted from such sacrilege; for if one should eat of such
flesh and suffer no harm, like going to heaven without the aid
of masses, the lucrative business of exorcising demons would
come to naught, and the crafty sorcerer, like Demetrius and
his crowd, would be ruined. This functionary always helps
himself to the first and best cut from every carcass over which
he performs his incantations to expell a demon. His fellow-tribesmen
always treat him well, as they dread to incur his
displeasure.

775 The ceremony of exorcising a *bopi* from the body of a fish,
825 for instance, usually occurs late in the afternoon, and at the
756 entrance to the hut of the sorcerer where the carcass has been
789 deposited for this purpose. The sorcerer stands over the
carcass, having his feet wide apart, arms uplifted and outstretched,
entire body rigid and trembling violently, as if he
had clonic spasms or convulsions, and face upturned toward
the declining sun upon which he calls in a series of wild,
maniacal yells. Following this, he relaxes somewhat and slaps
the carcass rapidly and hysterically from end to end, uttering
continuously strange noises, and finally, expectorates and
blows into its mouth. This ceremony lasts but a few minutes.

241 Corn also appears to have some connection with the
262 demons, or is under a *taboo*, for the Bororó will not, under any
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8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

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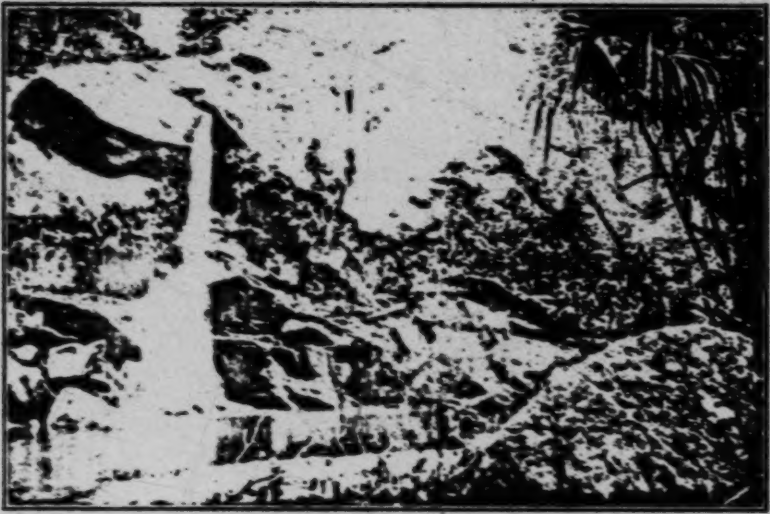

In the Heart of the Wilderness.

Camping in the Wilderness far away from the Haunts of Men.

[Facing p. 408]

circumstances, eat corn from a field until a few ears have first 241
been brought to the sorcerer that he may perform his incan- 262
tations over them, biting into them, dog-like. After this, the 756
corn from that field may be freely gathered and eaten without 789
further ceremony.

The souls of the departed, the *bopi*, are believed also to 775
haunt and plot evil against the living, who pass their days in almost constant fear, and even in terror, because of them. Every few days, one or another of these superstitious children of the wilds imagines he sees a ghost or spook skulking in the jungle, or some strange object or shadow, or peculiar movement of the branches of the trees, or hears an unusual or seemingly uncanny sound. In a frenzy, he hastens to report what he has seen or heard, and, instantly, the whole city of savagery is wildly excited. These spooks, or wandering souls are nearly always seen just as solemn, mysterious night is taking possession of the land. Sometimes, the scare is a pure invention of the sorcerer.

These sorcerers, or tribal priests, are not chosen or ap- 756
pointed by men, the Bororó say, but by the *bopi*. Their calling to the priestly office appears to be somewhat in this manner: Some day, a Bororó is taken with some kind of a fit, and the village sorcerer, is called in to declare the nature of the case, and to say if the patient will live or die. Having considered the matter cunningly, he may say to the family something like this: "Piadudu is in mortal combat with a *bopi*. If he surrenders to the demon he will become a sorcerer, but if he continues to resist, he will die." If Piadudu recovers, it is thought that he has given himself up to the *bopi*, and therefore fully qualified for the priesthood. But it seems to me that the certificate of priesthood lies largely in the ability of a Bororó to throw himself at will into a savage ecstasy or trance; or he may possess some powers of "mediumship," or metaphysical powers believed to emanate from the *bopi*, together with a good degree of native cunning and ready wit. These sorcerers are the most depraved men in the tribe. They are the bane of tribal life. They must nurture the illusion

756 that they have communications with and influence in the spirit world, and know what is occurring there; and have power to cause and avert evils and calamities. Hence, they are ever on the alert to seize upon every propituous occasion, and even to invent occasions to make merchandise of the superstitious fears of their fellow tribesmen for their own profit and aggrandizement.

000 As regards the ordinary civilized man, knowledge forces the mysterious, the unknown, the infinite, back from his immediate presence, compelling it to remain at a distance, thus enabling him to pass his days more or less unmindful of its existence. But to the primitive man, with his limited knowledge of the processes of Nature, the world about him is pregnant with mystery; it presses close upon him on all sides and he cannot be indifferent to it. The mysterious—that which is beyond his knowledge—the infinite—literally stares him in the face at every turn, and he is unable to fathom it. Ignorant of causes, he views with superstitious thoughts every event, and everything in Nature that is in any degree unusual or abnormal—everything that seems to project, never so little, beyond the dead monotony of natural phenomena. Indeed, his knowledge is so limited, and his imagination so easily inflamed, that he readily creates for himself all sorts of unusual occurrences and phantasms without any foundation. His imagination is most active during the hours of darkness. Like a timid child, he sees terrifying shapes everywhere. The thunder and lightning, the wind, the sun and the moon in their various phenomena, the cries of birds and beasts, and the direction from which they cry, all convey to his uncul-
787 tured mind some omen of good or evil. If the *kuwi* (a bird) utters its cry at evening from the east, it means that "white man come;" and if from the west, "Bororó die."

775 [123] Our Bororó friends who crowded about us during the whole of every day, always withdrew from our hut at sunset, retiring to their village, and we usually saw no more of them until daybreak. But late in the evening on two or three occasions, we heard a tramping of barefooted men approaching

our hut, and immediately thereafter a horde of excited and 775
frightened savages swarmed in upon us. The cause of their alarm was quickly explained to us: One of their number had imagined he saw the forms of strange men moving about mysteriously in the jungle near the village, which was interpreted by some of his fellows to mean that the soldiers were coming to attack and carry them away. At another
time, apparitions of the dead were thought to have been seen; [789]
so the following day the natives solemnly and mysteriously prepared the *roarers* in order to frighten away the threatening evil.

It is partly, or chiefly, to pacify departed souls by honoring 782
them and giving them a good send off, that the elaborate 775
funeral ceremonies already described, occur. And the fact that nearly all the rites and ceremonies of the Bororó are observed for the pacification of demons is the reason why the ritual is so hideous and diabolical. Men whose gods are devils only, can have nothing but a devilish ceremonial.

As already stated, the Bororó, like the Karayá, entertain 776
an anamistic conception of the world. They do not appear 771
to have any idea of a good spirit, or good spirits. Attempting to translate the word God into their language, or to communicate to them in a small degree the thought that this word stands for, we had to make use of the words, *Bopí camahina pèmègáre iruducáre*, which is literally, Spirit, greatest, good, without equal. But this is quite unsuitable for a permanent translation and a word for God would have to be transliterated, or a new word coined.

Mingling with the Bororó, one somehow gets the impression that perhaps they once had a conception of a good spirit. But, as the good spirits never did them any harm, nor threatened them with evil, while numerous evil spirits are constantly menacing them, they came naturally to devote so much attention to the latter that they long ago forgot all about the
former. Thus they have degenerated in mind and heart, it 000
would seem, with the result that in the whole outward expression of their lives, they have retrograded from a higher to a lower social and moral state.

warning calls are given frequently for some hours in advance 534
of the time when the instruments are to be brought into 562
use. Hearing these warnings the females enter their huts, 788
close the openings and hide their heads. The *roarers* are always manipulated outside the village up and down through the bush, and at openings in the forest.

Many other tribes have mystery instruments and practice 534
demon music. Wallace, describing those of some Rio Negro 562
tribes, says that their instruments are pipes, or tubes, like 171
great bassoons or trumpets, and produce sounds somewhat like trombones or clarinets. One kind is made of bamboo or palm-stems, hollowed out, while others are made of bark, twisted spirally and have mouthpieces of leaves. Each instrument produces but one note, but several pairs are played at the same time, each pair being of the same size and emitting the same note. A simple tune is played, revealing unusual taste for savages; and though the music sounds strange and wild, it is somewhat pleasing. The musicians wave the instruments about in a peculiar manner, vertically and sidewise, while playing them, and accompany these movements with corresponding contortions of the body. These instruments are considered a great mystery. No female of the tribe must ever look upon them under pain of death. From the first moment this mystery music is heard, not a female, young or old, is to be seen for all have hidden themselves away in the woods. If a female should see one of these instruments, either accidentally or by design, she would be put to death, usually by poisoning; and a father will not hesitate to become the executioner of his own daughter, or a husband of his wife. Even where there is only a suspicion that the instrument has been seen by forbidden eyes, no mercy is shown.

I experienced difficulty in getting possession of two or 126
three of the *roarers* for my collection. The Bororó were very 534
reluctant to let me have them, fearing that their women might 562
catch sight of them in some way. But they finally brought them to our hut, one at a time, under cover of darkness, after having borrowed blankets from us in which to roll them, and

126 534 562 delivered them to me with a solemn, mysterious air. Even after the instruments were in our possession, these superstitious people manifested great solicitude in having us hide them away in the bottom of a box, and placing the box itself in an inaccessible place.

126 534 777 We also had difficulty in securing the big bass flutes used at the funeral *bakororó*. They were not kept hidden from any member of the tribe, yet the savages were loathe to part with them for some superstitious reasons. When I asked a captain to get me a pair, he looked solemn and mysterious, and said by words and signs: "The captain" (myself) "must not take this instrument away with him. It is a very bad instrument; whoever carries it away will never more return." In saying that it was "bad," he meant that it was "bad medicine," that it would bring "bad luck" to the possessor. Perhaps the old pagan was not far wrong after all, for contrary to my expectations, and to my great disappointment, I have not yet been able to return to their villages.

Brazil.

776 821 756 775 The sun, being the greatest force in nature known to them, is regarded as a sort of supreme being, or as the seat of supreme power. The sorcerers are believed to enjoy a kind of heaven after death, being exalted to an abode in the sun, calling to mind the heaven of the Incas; but the ordinary Bororó is doomed to wander in the lower regions.

789 534 Besides seeking to placate disembodied spirits, or demons, or "lay the ghost," the Bororó also seek to frighten them away from the abodes of the living. To accomplish this, they make use of a peculiar instrument that ethnologists call the *roarer.* The sound producer is a slab of wood about half an inch thick, three to six inches broad, one or two feet long, fish formed, and having black spots painted all over it. This is hung to a long cord which is secured to the end of a ten-foot rod; and to sound it, it is swung round and round over the head horizontally. As this slab swings it revolves rapidly upon its axis and emits a series of blood-curdling sounds that can be heard half a mile or more, varying from a loud, diapason, sepulchral moan to an unearthly shriek. This frightful and prolonged wail rises and falls in pitch according to the rapidity with which the instrument is swung, or according to its size. To hear the music (?) of an orchestra of these instruments, or rather, their awful, demoniacal shrieks and wails, gives one most unusual sensations, the remembrance of which can never be effaced. The uncanny feeling is intensified if heard, as I once heard it, while a tropical storm is raging; for the flashing of the lightnings, the ceaseless peal and roar and crash of the celestial artillery, the falling floods and the thickening gloom, played and displayed a terrible accompaniment to the unearthly music.

534 562 788 No female of the tribe, woman or child, is allowed to look upon this instrument under pain of death. The men appear to make new ones when occasion demands their use, and to burn them immediately after the occasion has passed. I entered the great hut once while they were preparing them for a funeral prelude. Profound silence was maintained, and the savages whispered mysteriously the word *bopi.* Certain

CHAPTER XXXVI. 000

FOLLOWING THE WILD MAN'S TRAIL.—LIFE IN A SAVAGE CLUB-HOUSE.—FLOATING DOWN THE RIO POGÚBU.

WHILE we had our headquarters near the Ta Dare Mano 122
Paro village, we made a visit to the Kogi au Paro village of 361
the same tribe some twenty miles distant. 103

We followed a trail used only by the savages, and over 122
which no civilized man had ever before passed. It led largely 487
through a forest which was so dense in many places, that the [137]
trail was like an opening through a thick hedge, or through a
wall. This opening was just large enough to permit the
naked wild man to pass comfortably. But we were mounted
on mules, and had one mule carrying two boxes containing
our cooking outfit and food. Consequently, we had to make
the hole larger on all sides. Even after our muleteer, who
led the way on foot, had enlarged the opening, we were
compelled to practice rough riding continually to avoid being
raked off our beasts, or having our limbs crushed. Besides, [133]
our passage was barred by many deep ravines, gulches, washouts
and streams, the banks of which were often nearly vertical.
Our mules were experts in descending the banks,
for they would bunch up their feet, like mountain goats,
and slide down. But, in many cases, they were unable to climb
out on the other side until we had dug steps with a grubbing-hoe.
There was often deep water in these places. We also 122
encountered at nearly every step great bunches of wild pine- 137

122 [137] apple plants, to touch which was like running into a barbed-wire fence, for one's clothes would be torn and the flesh lacerated. This plant hooks into whatever touches it, even piercing one's boots. [136] Moreover, swarms of flies of many varieties, the bites of which cause itching wounds, pursued us constantly; while various kinds of wood-ticks, some of which are nearly as large as the potato beetle, fastened themselves upon us. This insect has a fearful head-gear, but, somehow, one is never aware of its presence until it has taken firm hold; then if one tries to remove it by force, either its head will be left buried in the flesh, or a piece of flesh will be torn out. To add to our discomfiture, the heat was intense, and our thirst so insatiable that we wished our throats were mill-races.

We expected to have reached the Kogi au Paro village in one day, but so much time was consumed in enlarging the opening through the forest that we were still in the middle of the woods when night overtook us. Therefore, we suspended our hammocks under the trees, prepared and ate our supper, and tried to make ourselves comfortable for the night, hoping to secure restful sleep for we were excessively fatigued from struggling through the vegetable walls and entanglements. But in planning for a peaceful night, we had not reckoned with animate Nature. Animate Nature does not limit a day's work to eight or ten hours. In the Brazilian wildernesses she labors twenty-four hours each day. The "day 122 136 gangs" of insects that persecuted us had scarcely retired from the field when the "night gangs" came on. The mosquitoes came in swarms, of all sizes and capacities, ready for every kind of work. Some of them were so small that they could fly through our mosquito netting with extended wings, but they could bite out of all proportion to their size. The ants were also in evidence. When the mosquitoes drove me out of my hammock and I set my feet on the ground, I stepped among army corps of foraging ants which swarmed over my feet, biting, or stinging, as they ran. Fleeing from them in the inky darkness, I accidently brushed my hand against a coat

which was hanging on a tree, and some large, black ants that 122
sting worse than a hornet, planted their stings into the joints 136
of my fingers. Altogether, I felt as if I were on fire. But
near morning, we got a little respite from the mosquitoes, for
a fog settled down over the forest. As soon as the sun
appeared above the horizon, the "day gangs" of our little
tormentors renewed the attack.

All during the second day we continued to carve our way 222
through the tangled vegetation, and to drag ourselves along,
arriving at our destination at nightfall, exhausted, and nearly
in tatters. To increase our discomfiture, we were short of
food, for our cook had neglected to bring along any beef
other than the potful he had boiled just before we begun our
journey. Therefore, we had to eat sparingly; and to fry
the whole potful again and again, each time we dined, to keep
it from spoiling.

We were a freak to the primitive citizens of the Kogi au 609
Paro village, many of whom having never before seen a
braidi—white man. The women and children, especially, came
out of their huts, and standing at the entrances, like
prairie-dogs on their hillocks, gazed intently at us with fear and
curiosity.

This village had swarmed some time previous to our visit, 361
and was now two villages. The new brood occupied open [621]
ground near the river, but the mother horde lived in the
wildest locality that I have ever seen human beings dwell
in. To reach it, we had to cross the river Pogúbu, which was [133]
between one and two hundred yards wide, with a strong, [103]
flood-like current. Having nothing with which to ferry
ourselves over, we had to plunge in and swim, towing our baggage 122
over, assisted by two Bororó, on a rude float made by binding 361
together three bunches of bamboo rods. There was but one
spot on the opposite side of the river where we could get
ashore, owing to the impenetrable masses of bushes and trees
that lined the edge of the water and reached far out into it.
To allow for the current, and to avoid striking below this
particular spot, we had to work up at the edge of the river

361 some distance before casting ourselves into the current. [122] Missing the landing place, there was great danger of our losing, not only our effects, but our lives as well.

We found the cluster of huts situated about one mile back from the river, and in the heart of the densest and most impassable upland tangle that I have ever seen. The trees [137] were fifty feet high and less, and almost numerous enough to form a thick forest, while below them, the whole country was overgrown by a terrible jungle of bushes, briars and coarse grass. A small, circular space, like a gigantic nest, had been cleared in the center of this forbidding thicket, in which fifteen or twenty palm-branch huts clustered in the usual disorder. [487] This wild man's lair was approached by a serpentine path just wide enough to allow men to pass in single file. The village was hidden away in this manner in order that its position might not be known to enemies, or that it might be very difficult to assault.

122 We were conducted at once to the great hut, where we 345 were entertained while in the village, and in one corner of which we suspended our hammocks and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. But we found this a hot, stuffy, ill-smelling *hotel*, and in addition, the mosquitoes were very numerous and industrious.

622 As soon as we were settled, we asked to see the chief man of the village, who appeared. He was six feet tall, well proportioned, intelligent and dignified, and the finest appearing Bororó I had seen. He seemed to have more real authority, too, than any Bororó captain I had met. The Bororó have 622 no tribal chief. Each village governs itself, independently, 624 having a few elderly men who are captains, in a way, by reason of seniority, in whom the chief authority is vested. But their powers, and the obedience rendered them, seem to be variable and uncertain. A strong character may arise from time to time, and by favoring circumstances, reach a position where he may command the entire obedience of his village. But ordinarily, the chief men do not appear to possess much real authority, individually. Of course, when they go

to war, they must choose one as their leader; or one becomes 622 624
such by mutual consent. We gave the Kogi au Paro chief 622
some presents, which seemed to please him much, and he 123
returned the favor, bringing us some vegetables.

Next morning, soon after daybreak, and after the singing 512
of the *bakororó*, which is sung at dawn in this village as [533]
well as at dusk, the men of the village gradually assembled [345]
in the great hut, and sitting cross-legged on their mats, occu- [516]
pied themselves in various ways. Several worked at making 462
bows and arrows, cordage and nets; a few shook out raw [283]
fibre preparatory to rolling it on their knees into threads;
one or two spun cotton, rolling it between the palms of the [286]
hands, then winding it on a rude, wooden spindle; one man wove, or crochetted, a narrow cotton belt by means of a peculiar little contrivance made by binding together two small
reeds; another made a kind of bead by boring holes through [321]
shell or stone discs and making them uniform in diameter by [324]
stringing them tightly together and passing a sort of whetstone over them as they were held firmly upon a block. The holes were bored through the discs by revolving rapidly between the palms of the hands, a stone-pointed instrument, like
a large lead-pencil. The Bororó kindle a fire in much the [372]
same manner, revolving a pointed wooden rod as it rests upon a certain kind of wood. Various other articles were in
process of manufacture in this primitive workshop. A few 461
men who were not occupied, lay stretched full length on their palm-leaf mats, dozing, or occasionally exchanging a few words with one another in voices that were partly mumbling speech, and partly like the purring of a cat. The Bororó artificer works very slowly, for nearly two entire days are consumed in the making of a single arrow, which, however, is made with almost infinite care. But time is of no value to these people.

The Sheraidi and the Ta Nagareda divisions, into which the 616
Kogi au Paro village, in common with all other Bororó en- [621]
campments is divided, sat in separate groups, each occupying [345]
one-half the great hut. These two divisions hunt, fish, play

616 and eat, and in fact, do everything independently of each
other.

262 As this was the season of green corn, all the savages
264 brought with them into the great hut, one or more roasted ears,
which they paused, momentarily, in their work to slowly pick
a few kernels from and eat them, or to smoke a whiff or two
276 from a cigarette. Whenever one of them obtained a bit of
tobacco, he prepared it for smoking by first pulverizing it,
then rolling it up in a leaf in the form of a cigarette. When
they have no tobacco, which they seldom do, they substitute
for it certain leaves, which they roll into cigars.

262 A few hours after sunrise, an *arcdo* appeared at the en-
264 trance to the Sheraidi end of the great hut, and handed in a
616 clay pot containing about eight quarts of corn that had been
[252] cut from the cob and boiled, and a moment later, a similar pot
[415] of corn was delivered at the Ta Nagareda entrance, being one
for each of the two parties. To eat, each group squatted or
stood around its pot and scooped out the food with large
shells, or with broad leaves folded to look like small sugar-scoops.
I naturally supposed that these two pots of corn,
in addition to the roasted ears that all had been nibbling during
the morning, would make an ample breakfast for the
thirty-three individuals in the hut. But, to my surprise,
another pot containing a similar quantity of stewed corn,
soon after appeared at the Sheraidi entrance to the primitive
dining-hall, followed a moment later by another at the Ta
Nagareda entrance; then, to my astonishment, more pots
of corn continued to be passed in at each end of the big hut
every ten or fifteen minutes, until a total of fifteen or sixteen
[261] had been brought in. This required each man to eat at
least three or four quarts of corn during eighty minutes, in
addition to the roasted ears each had consumed. As the two
574 *medo* who had accompanied us from the Ta Dare Mano Paro
576 village were guests of the local horde on this occasion, it was
interesting to observe the etiquette shown in their treatment
of them. As each pot was brought in and placed upon the
ground, two members of the group receiving it would trot

over to each visitor in a stooping position, grasp him by the 574
wrist, and trot him up to the pot, as much as to say, serve 576
yourself, but without uttering a word. Thus these two men
ate freely from every pot each group received, though they
were occasionally trotted off to a fresh pot while still devouring
from one. The observer wonders what is the size of 261
their stomachs, and if they did not get their fill for once. But
there seems to be no limit to the eating capacity of the primitive
man. After all the stewed corn was consumed, which 262
was eaten without any condiments whatever, a bushel of 264
roasted ears was brought in, as a dessert, and also promptly [252]
devoured. But this was the one big meal of the day for the
savage horde, except when food is very abundant; though
when they can obtain it, they nibble at various bits of food
during the entire day and evening.

To supplement our scant supply of food, we obtained from 122
the natives some corn which was nearly ripe. This our cook 000
prepared for eating by shelling it and breaking it up a little
in a rude mortar; then making it into small loaves which he
rolled up in large green leaves and baked in the ashes.

We determined not to return by land to the Ta Dare Mano Paro village, if we could avoid it; but instead, to make a raft and descend the river Pogúbu with our baggage, while our muleteer, only, should return by land with our beasts.

One afternoon, therefore, having induced a number of [123]
Bororó to join us, we went down to the river to make the
raft. I was the only one of our party who had ever had any
experience with rafts, nevertheless, each one wished to be
master ship-builder. We had much difficulty in gathering the
material and getting it down to the water's edge, though [461]
there was plenty of it in the woods, for after each Bororó
had brought down an armful, he did not care to return for
more.

To construct the raft, we first cut two cedar logs nine feet 000
long and nine inches in diameter, placed them parallel upon
the ground, five feet apart, notched them deep at each end, and
bound onto them cross pieces of light wood. This formed the

000 "keel," or foundation of our craft. On this we laid crosswise, and bound, bundles of bamboo poles eight feet long, and over these again we placed binding poles to make everything as strong and firm as possible. We had no nails, or spikes, or anything of this kind, or any tools beyond a straight-handled axe and long knives. We therefore bound our raft together with strips of the inner bark of a certain tree, which is tough and strong. But not having an auger with which to bore holes for wooden pins, we could not make the raft firm and seaworthy.

We experienced difficulty in launching it the next morning, for nearly all the Bororó had gone off on a hunting expedition, leaving but one or two to assist us. To get it into the water from the high bank where it was built, we had to work it down a steep, muddy place, and at the same time, avoid breaking it up, or turning it over. But finally, the launching was successfully accomplished. We were anxious to return to our headquarters as soon as possible as our pot of boiled, fried beef was nearly exhausted, and other food was scarce; moreover, life in the gloomy, stifling, insect-infested "club-house" of the wild men, was not attractive to us.

Having floated our raft, we cut two long bamboo poles with which to control it somewhat, and provided ourselves with an oar by cutting a small sapling terminating in a fork and weaving strips of bark between the prongs. We then embarked with our little baggage and pushed out into the current, our ship's company being Senhor Antonio, Senhor Guveia and myself. We were now afloat on the only craft that had ever carried men in these waters, and navigating a river that had never been navigated in its upper reaches. All went well for a few minutes and we were feeling proud of our good little ship that floated us so nicely, and congratulating ourselves on how easily and pleasantly we would return to our "ranch," thus escaping the dreadful travel through the jungle. But suddenly, as we swept around a bend, we saw with intense alarm, that the current was apparently bearing us, with irresistible force, straight into the branches of a big tree that stretched far out over the water and into it. 000 We knew that if we struck that place, we and our baggage would be raked off into the water. We worked like Trojans, poling and paddling to clear the danger. But, we now discovered how unwieldy our craft was and how insufficient was our means of governing it, as it seemed not to respond in the least to our efforts. Worse, each of us thought he was captain, and one yelled "push this way" while another gave an opposite order. Happily, and greatly to our surprise, the current carried us inside the danger point, so we escaped with only a slight brushing. We now knew that all our excited efforts had really been to force ourselves into the danger instead of away from it. All went well again for a short time, when we once more swung around a bend and found ourselves bearing down rapidly upon a big snag in the middle of the stream. We knew that if we should strike it, our float would go to pieces. Again, there was great excitement and the captains shouted their opposing orders, but the pushing and paddling seemed wholly unavailing. Finally, as we were about to resign ourselves to apparently unavoidable fate, our good raft took a swirl and cleared the obstruction by several feet; and again we saw that our frantic efforts had tended to our destruction instead of our salvation. An Invisible Hand was evidently guiding us.

Experiences similar to these, figuratively speaking, occur frequently in the life of every person. Peering into the future with anxious distrustful thoughts, one sees, in imagination, numerous dangers and evils obstructing his path, toward which some mysterious force seems to be sweeping him unerringly. So, forgetting altogether the kind Heavenly Father who watches over all His creatures with infinite love and solicitude, tenderly guiding the bark of even the most lowly and most unworthy of them, he seeks to tear himself from God's loving hand; and struggling madly to escape these imaginary troubles which will never materialize, vainly dissipating his vital forces, he creates for himself anguish and

000 despair, totally unfits himself for life's real duties and privileges and shortens his days.

We now began to entertain anxious thoughts as to how we should make land at the second Kogi au Paro village, which was a little below our point of embarkation, where we were to complete our arrangements for descending the river. We seemed to be afloat on a perpetual motion which we were powerless to stop. The edge of the river was lined with dangerous obstructions and we dared not go too near. How, then, were we to run our unwieldy float into the narrow opening in front of the village? But the Hand of Providence guided us as before, and we succeeded in making land without damage. At the last moment, two Bororó, plunging into [123] the water, seized our raft, and pulling with great force, enabled us to get it to shore.

When we had finally made fast to the root of a tree by means of a bark line, Senhor Guveia, who had become thoroughly frightened, sprang ashore, declaring that nothing would induce him to navigate further on such a craft.

Having fried for the seventh time our pot of boiled beef and eaten the last of it with some green corn-cakes, which, after baking in the ashes, had been fried, we further strengthened our raft with bark rope, made another paddle and other arrangements, then continued our novel voyage down the
123 pretty little river. In place of Senhor Guveia, who had decided
609 to return through the forest, we took with us two Bororó who had accompanied us from the Ta Dare Mano Paro village. They were delighted with the prospect of returning home so easily, and by means of such a strange conveyance. The entire Kogi au Paro village came down to the river to gaze at our strange craft and to see us "sail," for this was a most unusual event in their lives; besides, they were more friendly toward us, and not so fearful and exclusive as the upper village.

000 Getting our craft once more in motion, we did not meet with any dangers until we were more than half-way home. We were therefore finding our trip very enjoyable. The

000 sun was a little clouded and the day charming, and a primitive forest, clothed in its beautiful robes of perennial green, lined both sides of our watery path. As we were borne along by the current, we came upon a Bororó fishing party. These bronze, entirely nude savages, standing upon the rocks at the water's edge, in the shadow of the great trees, the beautiful and luxuriant foliage of which formed a background, looked exceedingly picturesque and romantic. They eyed us with deep interest as we moved silently past them, having never before seen such an object on the river.

But as we proceeded, our Bororó companions caused us feelings of anxiety by continually pointing down the river and muttering, *canoa by*—canoe die, the raft will be wrecked—calling the raft by the Brazilian word for canoe, not having a word of their own.

At length, as we were swept rapidly around a bend, we saw a little island in the middle of the stream and the water dashing over the rocks that extended out from its head, while in the center of the only channel through which we might now pass, were other large rocks which churned the on-rushing waters into a foam. This left us but a very narrow gateway between the jaws of destruction. Could we strike this opening? We did not know just where the current was carrying us, but it appeared to be sweeping us straight onto the rocks, and we knew that if our raft should strike them, it would certainly *die*. We were in great alarm, and paddled and poled with all our strength, though without any apparent results. But the Unseen Hand had not forsaken us, and we slipped through the jaws of destruction in perfect security. Once more we saw that in our mad endeavors to escape the danger, we had done everything in our power to get into it.

[133] All had gone well again for some time, though the Bororó still continued to point down the river and mutter ominously, *canoa by*, when, as we were borne quickly around another turn in the river, our hearts almost stood still at the sight of a chain of rapids that stretched entirely across the river, more than half the area of which was littered with boulders,

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[133]

over which the waters seathed and roared; and our float seemed to be making for the very worst place, despite all our efforts to work it over out of the zone of greatest danger. The outlook was dismal to the last degree, so we prepared ourselves to be wrecked. But once again it was evident that the Unseen Hand was guiding us, for we passed the rapids in perfect safety and without touching a rock.

Our Bororó companions now ceased to point down the river and to say *canoa by*, for we were nearing home. But how should we contrive to make a landing at our headquarters, was a question that gave us no little anxiety. There was only a narrow gateway through the snags that cumbered the edge of the river, into which we must slip quickly, though we needed a broad clear space into which to slowly work our unwieldy float. Senhor Antonio tried to get in at a port which was a long distance above our hut, but failed, though he nearly cast us upon the rocks, and we were in great danger for a few minutes. But God cared for us to the last; and getting as near the shore as we dared, we slipped in at the landing-place without striking even a snag. If we had missed this port, we would have been compelled to go a long way down the river before finding another.

We were glad to be again in our own hut where we were not troubled by insects, and could obtain an abundance of beef and milk—about our only food.

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[Information on the "Great Hut" of the Bororo, which serves as a residence hall for the single men of the village, as a clubhouse, village workshop, and "public brothel", will be found in category 345.]

[Additional information on the bope or evil spirits (the souls of dead shamans who normally dwell in the sky but occasionally visit earth), may be found in category 776.]